

# THE LIVING AGE.

---

No. 923.—8 February, 1862.

---

## CONTENTS.

		PAGE.
1. Foolish Things, . . . . .	<i>Saturday Review,</i>	323
2. The Unpublished Writings of Rousseau, . . . . .	"	326
3. Memoirs of Queen Hortense, . . . . .	<i>Spectator,</i>	329
4. Pulmonary Consumption—Inhalation, . . . . .	<i>Economist,</i>	332
5. Mal-Respiration—Catlin, . . . . .	<i>Examiner,</i>	334
6. The Poisoned Mind, . . . . .	<i>Once a Week,</i>	336
7. Bhats and Charons of Guzrat, . . . . .	<i>United Service Magazine,</i>	347
8. On the Study of Character, . . . . .	<i>Examiner,</i>	351
9. Results of the First American Revolution, . . . . .	<i>Saturday Review,</i>	355
10. Life of Columbus, and its Unregarded Lesson, . . . . .	<i>Christian Observer,</i>	359
11. The Fairy-Land of Science, . . . . .	<i>Cornhill Magazine,</i>	367
12. Shot in the Back, . . . . .	<i>Temple Bar,</i>	372
13. To Esther, . . . . .	<i>Cornhill Magazine,</i>	378

POETRY.—Rock of Ages—in Latin, 322. It is more blessed, 322. Day by Day, 322. Sixty-one and Sixty-two, 358. The Orphan, 358. Love not Me, 358. Dulce Domum, 384. Satisfied, 384.

SHORT ARTICLES.—The Astor Library—Dr. Cogswell, 331. Athelstan—Moxon, 333. Conundrums, 333. Lord Bacon, 333. Travels of Rabbi Petracchia, 335. Canada, by Mrs. Copleston, 335. Potts' Euclid, 335. Fac-Simile of Gray's Elegy MS., 346. Bishop of Lincoln's Charge, 346. Punch in 1845, 350. American Problems, 354. Poems by the Rev. T. H. Stockton, 354. Scott's Novels for Roman Catholics, 354. A Nun ruling the Queen of Spain, 357. Cambrian and Border Literature, 366. Prayers by Jeremy Taylor, 371. Through Life and for Life, 377. Pioneers, 383.

---

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY  
LITTLELL, SON, & CO., BOSTON.

---

For Six Dollars a year, in advance, *remitted directly to the Publishers*, the LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded *free of postage*.

Complete sets of the First Series, in thirty-six volumes, and of the Second Series, in twenty volumes, handsomely bound, packed in neat boxes, and delivered in all the principal cities, free of expense of freight, are for sale at two dollars a volume.

ANY VOLUME may be had separately, at two dollars, bound, or a dollar and a half in numbers.

ANY NUMBER may be had for 13 cents; and it is well worth while for subscribers or purchasers to complete any broken volumes they may have, and thus greatly enhance their value.

## ROCK OF AGES.

[Mr. Gladstone, Chancellor of the Exchequer, has turned into Latin verse Toplady's familiar hymn, “Rock of Ages.” We give both the original and the translation.—*Eds. Independent.*]

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in thee!  
Let the water and the blood  
From thy riven side which flowed,  
Be of sin the double cure,  
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

Not the labors of my hands  
Can fulfil thy law's demands;  
Could my zeal no respite know,  
Could my tears forever flow,  
All for sin could not atone!  
Thou must save, and thou alone!

Nothing in my hand I bring  
Simply to thy cross I cling;  
Naked, come to thee for dress;  
Helpless look to thee for grace;  
Foul, I to thy fountain fly;  
Wash me, Saviour, or I die!

While I draw this fleeting breath,  
When my eyelids close in death,  
When I soar to worlds unknown,  
See thee on thy judgment throne,  
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in thee.

Jesus, pro me perforatus,  
Condar intra tuum latus.  
Tu per lympham profluentem,  
Tu per sanguinem tenpitem  
In peccata mi redunda,  
Tolle culpam, sordes munda.

Coram te nec justus forem,  
Quamvis tota vi laborem,  
Nec si fide numquam cesso,  
Fletu stillans indefesso;  
Tibi soli tantum munus;  
Salva me, Salvator unus.

Nil in manu mecum fero,  
Sed me versus crucem gero;  
Vestimenta nudus oro,  
Opem debilis imploro;  
Fontem Christi quero' immundus,  
Nisi laves, moribundus.

Dum hos artus vita regit;  
Quando nox sepulchro tegit;  
Mortuos cum stare jubes,  
Sedens Judex inter nubes;  
Jesus, pro me perforatus,  
Condar intra tuum latus.

## “IT IS MORE BLESSED.”

GIVE! as the morning that flows out of heaven;  
Give! as the waves when their channel is riven;  
Give! as the free air and sunshine are given;  
Lavishly, utterly, joyfully give.  
Not the waste drops of thy cup overflowing,

Not the faint sparks of thy hearth ever glowing;  
Not a pale bud from the June roses blowing,  
Give, as He gave thee, who gave thee to live.

Pour out thy love, like the rush of a river  
Wasting its waters, forever and ever,  
Through the burnt sands that reward not the  
giver;

Silent or songful, thou nearest the sea.  
Scatter thy life, as the summer showers pouring!  
What if no bird through the pearl-rain is soaring?  
What if no blossom looks upward adoring?

Look to the life that was lavished for thee!

So the wild wind strews its perfumed caresses,  
Evil and thankless the desert it blesses,  
Bitter the wave that its soft pinion presses,  
Never it ceaseth to whisper and sing.  
What if the hard heart give thorns for thy roses?  
What if on rocks thy tired bosom reposes?  
Sweetest is music with minor-keyed closes,  
Fairest the vines that on ruin will cling.

Almost the day of thy giving is over:  
Ere from the grass dies the bee-haunted clover,  
Thou wilt have vanished from friend and from  
lover;

What shall thy longing avail in the grave?  
Give as the heart gives, whose fetters are breaking,  
Life, love, and hope, all thy dreams and thy  
waking,  
Soon heaven's river thy soul-fever slaking,  
Thou shalt know God and the gift that he  
gave.

## DAY BY DAY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF “JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN.”

EVERY day has its dawn,  
Its soft and silent eve,  
Its noontide hours of bliss or bale;—  
Why should we grieve?

Why do we heap huge mounds of years  
Before us and behind,  
And scorn the little days that pass  
Like angels on the wind?

Each turning round a small sweet face  
As beautiful as near;  
Because it is so small a face  
We will not see it clear:

We will not clasp it as it flies,  
And kiss its lips and brow;  
We will not bathe our wearied souls  
In its delicious Now.

And so it turns from us, and goes  
Away in sad disdain:  
Though we would give our lives for it,  
It never comes again.

Yet, every day has its dawn,  
Its noontide, and its eve:  
Live while we live, giving God thanks—  
He will not let us grieve.

—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

From The Saturday Review.

FOOLISH THINGS.

THE subject of folly is a wide one. Mr. Buckle's sixteen volumes would hardly exhaust its various manifestations; what, then, can be expected in a single page? But it is also attractive. Nobody is disinclined to have his belief in the universality of folly confirmed by a new instance—every one is ready to speculate on the motive or want of motive of ridiculous human action. But the foolish things we have here set ourselves to speak of are not attractive. They furnish food for anything rather than amused supercilious analysis. Are there any of our readers who never in their own persons say or do foolish things—who are never conscious of having been deserted by their good genius? If there are, we do not write for them. It is one's own foolish things which at present engage our attention, for which we assume the sympathy of fellow-feeling, and reckon on touching an answering chord in other breasts not a few. We are not speaking now of grave errors and mistakes, but of the inadvertencies, weaknesses, and follies which haunt our subordinate, social, man-fearing conscience—which we may not know to have been perceived by any but ourselves, but which nevertheless affect us, not because they are wrong, but silly, and because they may be thought more silly by others even than by ourselves—which leave a sense of self-betrayal, making us ask in bitterness:—

“Who shall be true to us  
When we are so unsecret to ourselves?”

They are the things which allow us to go to sleep at night with an undisturbed conscience, but wake us with a start hours before the dawn, and set us wondering, How could I make such a fool of myself? Where was the impulse to that vain show-off? What could have induced me to talk of such an one—to confide my private concerns to So-and-so? For it may be noted that sins of omission play but a small part in this periodical tragedy. It is not lost opportunities, but heedless ill-considered speech and action, that fret us at unseasonable hours—some thoughtless license of the tongue, perhaps, or some passing vanity leading to misplaced confidence and weak reliance on sympathy. In the young, the fear of presumption is a fruitful yet innocent source of these stings of memory. Young people are sometimes

made uneasy for days from the notion of having committed some unwarrantable familiarity, which under excitement seemed, and very likely was, perfectly natural.

We are advised to sleep upon certain designs, but it means really to wake upon them. Nothing is more curious than the revulsion a short interval makes in our whole view of things—no magic more bewildering than the transmutations which a few hours of insensibility produce—a few hours of being thrown absolutely upon ourselves. What an idea it gives us of the effect of association, of the action of man upon man! Nobody can allow himself to be real and natural in his intercourse with others, and act as he laid himself out beforehand to act, or as he wishes (we may too often say), on looking back, that he had acted. If this is true in the solemn and weighty affairs of life, it must of necessity be true in the light or less responsible contact of society where the little turns and accidents of the hour are constantly throwing us off our rules, and tempting us to ventures and experiments. All wit, all repartee, all spontaneous effervescence of thought and fancy are of the nature of experiment. All new unplanned revelations of self—all the impulses, in fact, which come of collision with other minds in moments of social excitement, whether pleasurable or irritating—are apt to leave qualms and misgivings on the sensitive and reflective temperament. Thus, especially, sins against taste fret us in the heavy yet busy excitable hour which we have fixed on for the levee of these spectres, when our thoughts, like hounds, scent out disagreeable things with a miraculous instinct, drag them to light, fly from subject to subject, however remote and disconnected, and hem us round with our own pedacilloes. Society in the cold dawn looks on us as a hard task-master, exacting, unrelenting, seeing everything, taking account of everything, forgetting nothing—judging by externals, and holding its judgments irreversible. For, after all, it is a cowardly time. We are not concerning ourselves now with *bona fide* penitence, but only with its shadow and imitation—a fear of what people will think, a dread of having committed ourselves, whose best alleviation lies in empty resolutions of dedicating the coming day to a general reversal or reparation of yesterday, to a labo-

rious mending and patching, which is to leave us sadder and wiser men; along with a certain self-confidence (also the offspring of the hour) that if we can only set the past to rights,—rectify, explain, recant effectually,—our present experience will preserve us from all future recurrence of even the tendency and temptation to do foolish things. We own this to be cowardly. It is fortunate that we cannot mould ourselves on the model of these morbid regrets; for the influences which make us seem to ourselves so different in the rubs of domestic and social life from our solitary selves—so that we are constantly taking ourselves by surprise—are not all bad ones. They may be more unselfish than those which impel to remorse, and make us feel so sore against ourselves. There is a certain generous throwing of one's self into the breach in some crisis, whether grave or gay, which often brings us to grief. There is a certain determined devotion to the matter in hand, a resolution come what may to carry a thing through, which is better than caution, though by no means a subject for self-congratulation at five o'clock in the morning; or, indeed, so long as it lives in the memory at all. On the whole, it is better as it is. We are gainers in freedom by living in a world where it is possible to commit one's self—to go beyond intentions—to be impulsive, incautious. If everybody were as self-possessed, as much on his guard as we wish we had been in these periods of harassed meditation, society would not be a very refreshing or invigorating sphere.

This is a surer source of consolation, as far as our observation goes, than any argument from analogy that our fears delude us. If we look round on those of our friends whose prudence we can scarcely hope to equal, far less to surpass—whom we trust for manner, discretion, and judgment—there is scarcely one who does not now and then disappoint or surprise us by some departure from his usual right way of thinking and acting, by committing some moral or social solecism, just one of the things to haunt the first waking hour. We are not meaning merely *clever* people—for cleverness has a prescriptive right to do foolish things—but wise and sensible people who have a rule of action, and habitually go by it—habitually, but not always;—and a foolish thing done or said

by a wise man certainly stands out with a startling prominence and distinctness, pointing out the weak place there is in the best of us. When our wise friend, under some malignant influence, says or does something exceptionally silly, the thing assumes a sort of life from contrast. It is quoted against him, and perhaps in some quarters a permanently lower estimate of mind and character is the consequence. Do the same things that in this case strike us strike the perpetrator? Can a wise man say a foolish thing and remain forever unconscious of it? One thing we must believe—it cannot be only a latent self-conceit in the midst of our humiliations and self-reproaches that leads us to assume them not universal. There are people so uniformly foolish, so constantly impudent, rash, talkative, unsecret, or blundering, that if revisited by their errors, solitude would be one long penance which could not fail to tell upon their outer aspect. The fool *par excellence* is not, we gladly believe, haunted by his folly. It is when we have departed from our real character—when our instincts have failed us—when we have gone against ourselves—that we writhe under tormenting memories.

The subject is worth dwelling upon for one reason. If, with the exception of conspicuous fools, we could realize that this class of regrets are not due to our particular idiosyncrasy, but are a common scourge of weak, vain, irritable, boasting humanity, it ought to conduce to charity in our judgments. If we could believe that the people we dislike suffer these penances, and could give them credit for waking with a twinge an hour earlier than usual, under the remembrance of impertinence, vanity, unkindness, persuaded that certain definite offences against our taste and feeling would haunt their solitary walk and make the trial of their day, we could not but learn patience and toleration. But we are apt to regard our annoyance as the penalty of an exceptionally sensitive social conscience. We and the people we care for cannot do foolishly without feeling sorry for it—without going through the expiation of a pang; but the people we dislike are insensible, coarse, obtuse, dull, and brutish. Theirs has not been a mistake, which implies a departure from their nature, but an acting up to it and according to it. They are therefore showing

themselves as they are when they show themselves most unpleasant and repulsive.

Another mode of reconciling ourselves to this prompt Nemesis of minor follies is that it may possibly preserve us from greater ones. It may both imply caution, and keep our caution in practice and repair. We have already made an exception in favor of fools; but are people subject to rash impulses—impulses swaying their whole destiny and the fate of others—who find a pleasure in staking the future on some unconsidered chance, ever visited by regrets for having merely exposed themselves in no more weighty matter than some foolish breach of confidence or lapse of propriety? Are people habitually unguarded ever visited by lesser remorse? Is not this rather a conflict where habitual caution is every now and then betrayed by counter influences? Does a man who is always boasting ever remember any particular boast with a pang? Does one who is always betraying secrets and revealing his own and other people's privacy—always talking of himself, always maudlin, always ill-natured or sarcastic—ever writhe under the recollection of his follies? It is hard to be lenient towards some people, however much it is our duty to think the best.

But whatever tenderness may be shown towards foolish things acted or spoken, whatever beneficent purpose may be assigned to them in the social economy, our leniency ends here. Little can be said ethically, and nothing prudentially, for foolish things written—for outbreaks of our follies and tempers on paper; and yet what a fruitful source of these regrets has the pen been with some of us! And never has the sting been sharper than when we realize that our imprudence is in black and white, beyond our reach, irrevocable. The pen gives us a power of having our say out which speech seldom does. We are free from the unaccountable, almost solemn, control that man in bodily presence has over man. Fresh from some injury, we have the plea, the retort, the reproof, the flippancy, the good things in our hands without danger of interruption. We will write it while the subject is fresh and vivid, and the arguments so clear that our correspondent cannot fail of being struck, persuaded,

crushed by them. In the heat of composition we foresee those cooler, cautious hours in the distance, and defy them. We have a dim notion that we are doing a foolish thing, but we will act while conviction is supreme, and we send off our letter—to repent sometimes how bitterly!

It has been cleverly said that the whole folly of this proceeding lies not in the writing, which is an excellent valve to the feelings, but in the sending; and certainly very few letters, written under immediate provocation, would be sent if the writers slept a night upon them. But the pen can do foolish things—things below the writer's standard of speech and action—without provocation. There are many people whose intellect and judgment would stand much higher in the world's estimation if they had never been taught to write. Men write letters and women write notes in total neglect of the rules which guide their conversation, and which win them sometimes an extraordinary reputation for good sense. A whole swarm of absurd impulses cluster round the pen, which leave them alone at other times. A propensity for interference and giving advice is one of these—a passion for explanations, a memory for old grievances, and a faith in the efficacy of formal, prolix, minute statements of wrong, along with querulous hints, unpalatable suggestions and insinuations generally—all of which are foolish because they cannot, in the nature of things, have a good issue, and flow from the ready pen in oblivion of obvious consequences, which elsewhere hold the writer in salutary check. Indeed, the pen often wakes a set of feelings which are not known to exist without it. If we must be foolish sometimes, let us then give our folly as short a term as possible. If it must leave traces behind, our memory is a better and safer archive than our enemy's, or even our friend's, writing table. Therefore, if any warning of the fit is granted, if a man have any reason for misgivings, let him, before all things, beware of pen and ink. Things are seldom quite hopeless till they are committed to paper—a scrape is never at its worst till it has given birth to a correspondence.

From The Saturday Review.

THE UNPUBLISHED WRITINGS OF ROUSSEAU.\*

THE "Unpublished Writings and Correspondence of Rousseau" consist of a variety of papers in the possession of a Genevese family named Moulton. M. Paul Moulton, the great-grandfather of the editor, was a minister of the Evangelical Church of Geneva, and, strange as it may seem, an intimate personal friend both of Rousseau and of Voltaire. Many of the fragments contained in the recently published volume are parts of works which Rousseau describes himself, in his *Confessions*, as having committed to the flames; but the philosopher is known to have been never weary of copying and recopying the manuscript of his favorite productions, and now and then one or other of the foul copies, having been probably submitted originally to M. Moulton for his critical opinion, appears to have remained in his hands. The book given to the world by M. Moulton's descendant has for the most part that interest only which belongs to the accidentally preserved remains of a great writer. Englishmen, who are little under the influence of Rousseau's doctrine, and not at all alive to the witchery of his style, will probably consider the rhetoric of the contents inflated and the reasoning flimsy; and if they do not happen to be aware of the strong evidence of Rousseau's sincerity which has gradually been collected, they will be sure to think the sentiment hollow, pretentious, and hypocritical. There is, however, one fragment in the volume which merits attention, even in this country, as forming one stone in a great landmark of the history of opinion. This is a paper, singular in form, and consisting chiefly of mere scattered sentences, which has for its title *Project of a Constitution for Corsica*. Rousseau, like most earnest theorists, had a passionate desire to see the practical application of his principles. It happened that in 1761, after the Corsicans under Paoli had all but driven their Genoese masters out of their island, a M. de Buttafuoco, a Corsican officer in the service of the King of France, took it into his head to write a letter to Rousseau, requesting him to frame laws and a constitution for the emancipated people. Nothing

can be more characteristic of the time than M. de Buttafuoco's letter, and Rousseau's reasons for eagerly acceding to the suggestion. The officer is convinced that nobody but the author of the *Contrat Social* can ensure the future welfare of his country; and the philosopher is sure that there can be no better field than Corsica for his experiments, because it is nearer its natural condition than other communities in Europe, the social inequalities which it undoubtedly exhibits being mere superficial irregularities artificially introduced by the tyrannical Genoese. But Rousseau, though he instantly began to labor at the Corsican institutions, was not permitted to proceed far with them. In 1764, the French Government took possession of the coast towns of Corsica under pretence of mediating between the Corsicans and the Genoese. For three years the French troops remained in the island, professing all the while the utmost sympathy with the efforts of the Corsican patriots, and disclaiming the smallest intention of restoring the tyranny which had been overthrown. The convention under which they had entered provided for their withdrawal in 1768, by which time they had become virtual masters of Corsica; but just when their retirement was expected, it turned out that France had obtained the cession of the island from the Senate of Genoa. The King of France immediately assumed the sovereignty; the patriots were pitilessly put down, and Rousseau threw aside his Constitution in indignation and despair. The history, so far as concerns the conduct of the French Government, is one which has been repeated since, and probably not for the last time.

Rousseau, with the curious pedantry of his age, had derived his ideas concerning Corsica from a passage in Diodorus, "The Corsicans," says that writer, "feed on milk, honey, and meat; they observe among themselves the rules of justice and humanity with more exactness than any other barbarians. The first person who finds honey in the mountains or in the hollow of a tree has the certainty that no one will dispute his right to it." But, in point of fact, the island which was thus selected as the theatre on which the regeneration of the world was to begin, was the spot in Western Europe which remained longest in pure barbarism. Its society, far from being distinguished by the

\* *Oeuvres et Correspondance Inédites de J. J. Rousseau*. Publiéées par M. G. Streckeisen-Moulton. Paris: Levy. London: Jeffs. 1861.

simplicity of its mechanism, consisted in an intricate system of relations between families and clans; and the habits of the people, instead of displaying the innocence which Diodorus and Rousseau attributed to them, were formed by the observance of cruel or unmeaning customs, adhered to with a tenacity which civilizing influences have scarcely even now overcome. The *Vendetta*, or traditional family feud, had to be suppressed by the French Government as late as 1845; and in 1848, at the outbreak of the Revolution, it is known to have had a temporary revival. If Rousseau's legislation had been put into force in Corsica—and there was at one time much chance of its adoption at the recommendation of Paoli—it must have miscarried as thoroughly as Locke's famous project of a constitution for the Carolinas. Yet the opportunity which was denied to Rousseau during his lifetime came with a vengeance twenty years later. Corsica became part of France, and in 1789 the country which had appropriated the little island in defiance of all justice was induced to try on itself the very experiment which it had prevented Rousseau from trying on Corsica. The principles intended to be embodied in the Corsican Constitution are those of the *Contrat Social*, and they are those which the Frenchmen of 1789 were feeling after when they overturned the world. It is astonishing to reflect on their history, and to observe the *naïveté* with which they are here set forth by Rousseau. Some of them seem almost silly, but their childishness only arises from their having passed into the commonplaces of this century. Others appear preposterously untenable, but then it is only the terrible experience of the French Revolution which has taught us their emptiness. Those, however, who know what Rousseau's influence has been, will be on their guard against supposing that any fragment of his writings is rendered unimportant by false logic or false taste. It has been the fate of this extraordinary man to have sown no seed, bad or good, which has fallen on stony ground. The greatest of his contemporaries have produced no effects as yet which can be compared with his. Montesquieu, the highest intellect of the eighteenth century, has had but one intellectual descendant in France, Alexis de Tocqueville; and he is infinitely more of a prophet in

England and in the United States than in his own country. The influence of Voltaire's negative criticism has of course been immense, but his few positive opinions were soon forgotten, and towards the comfortable practical philosophy which he inculcated his countrymen of our day have no feeling except an extreme repugnance. But no word or line of Rousseau's has been lost. The *Confessions* are the fountain, not only of Byronism and Lamartinism, their immediate progeny, but also of that host of works in which the self-analysis of the writer supplies him with the means of unlocking other men's hearts. Without them there is no certainty that France would have had a Balzac or a Charles de Bernard, or England a Charlotte Brontë and a Thackeray. With the *Nouvelle Héloïse* began the modern apotheosis of the lower passions—the theme which inspires almost all French romance, and not a little of English fiction. The *Vicaire Savoyard* is the parent of modern sentimental religion. In France, where its effects have been profound, it gives the one ingredient which distinguishes the Neo-Catholicism of Lacordaire or Montalembert from the native dogmatism of Roman Catholic theology. The *Emile* is the source of half the notions which, sixty years after its publication, appeared in a new dress as the tenets of the Communists and Socialists. Even Rousseau's music is said to have been infinitely more studied than would be expected from its apparent merits; and more than one French composer is believed to owe his peculiarities to an affectation of following the *Devin de Village*. But for direct influence on the fortunes of mankind, nothing of Rousseau's can be compared with the *Contrat Social*, of which the positive conclusions were intended to be embodied in the Constitution for Corsica. The fermentation of its principles produced the great explosion at the end of the century, and streamed out in a movement of which the end is not yet.

So remarkable an influence can only be explained by the antecedent readiness of men's minds to respond to it. Most French critics have accounted for it by the eloquence of Rousseau's style. Others have supposed that the secret lay in his anticipation of modern theories of progress. Some, with more reason, have called attention to the

marked religious turn of his mind, and have pointed out that, amid the general discredit of received systems of religion, the vague doctrine of Rousseau had almost a monopoly of the whole field of belief. An explanation, different from all these, is afforded by Mr. Maine, in his recently published volume on *Ancient Law*. Mr. Maine thinks that the parentage of Rousseau's ideas is not chiefly imaginative, nor chiefly metaphysical, nor chiefly religious, but principally *legal*; and that his philosophy is in substance a popular exposition of certain theories of the Roman lawyers which had long had currency in modern Europe. According to this view, the lawyers of Rome, in the absence of a more definite rule of legal progress, had placed the perfection of law in symmetry and simplicity. A law corrected by these standards they called the law of nature, and they seem to have been under a vague impression that mankind had practised it before civil history began, in a state or condition of nature. The vision of some beautifully simple and harmonious code, answering to the ideal picture of the natural state, had long danced before the eyes of the better class of lawyers in all countries in Europe, taking occasionally a more definite and precise shape when it passed over into England, but fancifully and vaguely conceived in general, yet not too indistinctly to irritate and vex the lawyers of France and Italy by its contrast with the perplexity and confusion of existing customs. Of this mythus of jurisprudence, Rousseau made himself the popular expositor. He collected into a focus the ideas of natural perfection which floated in the atmosphere of legal thought, and when they were collected they set the world on fire.

No doubt much support is lent to this theory by the newly published *Constitution for Corsica*. The greater part of the fragment consists of detached notes in an aphoristic form, not unlike the *Pensées* of Pascal, and these crude statements of Rousseau's thoughts betray their legal pedigree more clearly than the balanced rhetorical sentences of the *Contrat Social*. The method which Rousseau proposed to follow in framing his code was to take the institutions of Corsica as he found them, and then cut them down to his own measure of harmonious simplicity. In his letters to M. de Buttafuoco, he states

the necessity of carefully studying the actual laws of Corsica with an emphasis which might belong to a disciple of Montesquieu; but it soon appears that he merely wishes to know what existing institutions are, for the purpose of pruning away the irregular excrescences on the simplicity of nature which he supposes to have been introduced by the usurping Genoese. And, when he begins to work out his conception, nothing can be clearer than that his mind is full of the legal commonplaces of his day and country concerning natural law. In the passage of Diodorus which took so strong a hold on his fancy, he is particularly impressed with the statement that among the primitive Corsicans the first person who found honey in a hollow tree was admitted by his neighbors to be proprietor of it—this, as Mr. Maine has shown, being the exact theory of the origin of property which prevailed among jurists in the last century. Again, in recommending the ancient customs of Switzerland to the adoption of the Corsicans, he tells them that all the cattle of the canton were allowed to roam together on the mountains, and that the *first occupants* of any one of them was allowed to keep it—thus reproducing in terms the rule of Roman law with respect to the acquisition of ownership in animals which are in a state of nature. But perhaps the most startling illustration of the influence which legal theories had over him is a proposition which he evidently took from the writers on Public Law. The Publicists lay down that national communities, when independent, are subject only to the law of nature. Rousseau inverts this assumption, and transfers it to civil society. Having made up his mind to create a society which shall be governed only by natural law, he concludes that all the persons who live in it must be independent of each other; and his reflections on the point lead him to this startling aphorism, "From that mutual dependence of men on each other which is believed to be the bond of society, spring all the vices which destroy it." Rousseau's line of thought can be traced in numberless passages of the Corsican Constitution, but in none so instructively as this. First, he misunderstands the proposition of law. Then, he transfers it to an inappropriate subject-matter. Lastly, he transforms it into an audacious general maxim which militates against all received ideas, and which could not possibly be applied without a subversion of all existing order. Such is the history of much which seventy years ago passed as a revelation of new and beneficent truth.

From The Spectator.

MEMOIRS OF QUEEN HORTENSE. \*

AN accurate and outspoken life of Queen Hortense might have some interest for the world. The fate of all these Bonapartes was so remarkable, their rise so rapid, their fall so complete, and their lives so full of incident, that the insignificance of their personal characters is lost in the wonder created by their fortunes, and mankind read their histories as children read the account of Whittington, with the unconscious feeling that luck so unmerited makes their own prospects brighter. All of them, too, were connected more or less with the career of the one great man among them, and everything which relates to Napoleon, like every fact which elucidates the character of Cæsar Augustus, is of perennial interest. But the life which is to satisfy curiosity must be something very different from this specimen of book-making. Written in the style of a French courtier, who hopes that anecdote may supply the place of facts, and adulation that of analysis, it is absolutely devoid of any proof of its own authenticity. For all they tell us, its authors might have derived their facts from the lips of Louis Napoleon, or from a collection of memoirs of the Restoration, or from their own imaginations. The book has no preface or introduction, or explanation, and not one reference to any authority of any kind, except, indeed, Madame de Cochelet; but the extent to which her authority is relied on is never so much as indicated. There is scarcely one document the authenticity of which is proved, and not one attempt to justify the assertions on which the story is at variance with accepted narratives. Yet it is a memoir of that kind which, of all others, most requires elaborate justification. Everything is related as if the writers had been the most intimate friends of the ex-queen, had access to the cabinet of Louis XVIII., or had heard Louis Napoleon relate the most familiar reminiscences of his childhood. What, for example, is the meaning of this style of paragraph, unless uttered by Josephine herself:—

“ Hortense looked into the future with that childish curiosity which makes the eye behold the world through the rose-colored light of fancy. She expected some great and

brilliant event that should make her perfectly happy, without, however, knowing, or endeavoring to know, what it would be. She still loved all men, and believed in their faithfulness and sincerity. No sting had as yet wounded her heart, no blighted hope, no illusion destroyed, had thrown a shade of discontentedness upon her smooth forehead. Her blue eye beamed with joy and happiness, and her mirth was so hearty and innocent, that it sometimes made her mother feel quite melancholy. She well knew that the happy period when life stands before us like the golden dream of morn could not long endure.”

The book is full of such sentences, unreal descriptions which might not be out of place in a watery novel, but which, inserted in a memoir, simply demonstrate that its authors are writing either for effect or for sale. Their utter vagueness diminishes instead of increasing our means of judging of character, and the readers of this book, after perusing all kinds of anecdotes, will still find that its heroine is to them a lay figure without one quality except affection for her children and dread of her imperious stepfather. Messrs. Wraxall and Wehrhan endeavor, indeed, to analyze her character, but it is in sentences like the following. Hortense had a girl's liking for Duroc, and the compilers, after taking the few facts known from Bourienne, remark:—

“ For some time past, however, Hortense had taken a less lively part than usual in the fêtes and amusements; she no longer seemed to derive great gratification from the festivities of the court, but preferred retirement and seclusion in her own apartments. The soft melancholy notes of her harp seemed to charm her more than the witty and polite conversation in her mother's salons.

“ Hortense sought solitude, because to solitude alone could she open her heart, to it only could she whisper the fact that she loved with all the innocence and fervency, all the energy and self-denial, of a first love. How delightful did these hours of wakeful dreaming appear to her! The future presented itself to her eye as one long and glorious summer day, that was just dawning, and whose sun she shortly expected to rise.”

That description may be quite true, though it reads so exactly like the description of a love-sick girl in a good young lady's novel, but there is not a particle of evidence for it all, or indeed for anything, except that Hortense, as passionate as any other Creole,

\* *Memoirs of Queen Hortense.* By Lascelles Wraxall and Robert Wehrhan. Hurst and Blackett.

used to carry on a clandestine correspondence with Duroc through Bourienne. The negotiation was broken off, Duroc, says our authors, making love only out of ambition, and Hortense consented to marry Louis Bonaparte, whom her mother had selected as the one of her husband's family most likely to be an ally. The motive is likely enough in itself, but who revealed the annexed facts? Hortense herself, or her spirit through some "medium"?

"Josephine joyfully embraced her daughter. She little thought what a night of agony, what a night of prayer and despair, Hortense had passed. She little suspected that her daughter's seeming composure was nothing but the despairing resignation of a broken heart.

Hortense smiled, for Duroc must not see how she suffered. Her love for him was dead, but the pride of a betrayed woman still lived within her. It was this pride that wiped away her tears and summoned up a smile to her pale lip."

Her union was not a happy one; among other reasons, because Louis was not a man to be loved by any woman, but, say the memoir writers, this might have passed away, for scenes like these used to take place between the unhappy pair:—

"Already would Louis sit for hours, with his wife, endeavoring to amuse her by a witty conversation; and Hortense began to consider it her most sacred and sweetest duty to make her husband forget, by kindly showing him all possible attention, how miserable he was at her side. They both hoped that the child they expected would indemnify them for an unhappy union and the freedom they had lost.

"'If I should give you a son,' Hortense said, with a smile, 'when he first addressed you by the sweet title of father you would perhaps forgive me for being his mother.'

"'And in pressing that son to your heart, in feeling how dearly you love him, you might forget that it is I who am his father. You will at least cease to hate me, for I shall be the father of your beloved child.'

Exquisitely French that, certainly, but was the little comedy enacted in public, or, if not, who related Louis' ideas with so painful an accuracy? Scenes of this kind, if real, illustrate character more clearly than any public acts, but then they must be supported by the most decisive testimony. In the present instance the description may of course be absolutely exact: Louis, the reserved scholar,

may have recorded his most secret emotions towards his wife, and Hortense may have analyzed the special kind of indifference in her heart, but there is not the slightest evidence offered to prove either, and without evidence the conversation is simply absurd. The story that they lived as such couples usually live—he occupied with his own duties and amusements, and she with flirtations more or less prononcés—is at least more probable. What is certain is, that she was popular in Holland; that in the quarrel between Louis and his brother she adhered to the winning side; that when after Fontainebleau the Emperor Alexander visited Maria Louisa at Rambouillet, *he found Hortense consoling her instead of Josephine*, and when the Bonapartes were proscribed, the Emperor Alexander made terms for her which gave her the title of Duchess, and a great estate in France. She defended her conduct by her care for the interests of her children, but her brother, as cruelly wronged as herself by Napoleon, took a different view of his duty, and in a noble letter to Alexander refused a duchy as the price of his allegiance:—

"'SIRE,—I have read the proposals of your Majesty; they are doubtless very kind, but they cannot shake my resolution. I am afraid I manage to express my thoughts badly when I had the honor of seeing you, if your Majesty can believe for one moment that I am capable of selling my honor for any price, however high it may be. Neither a duchy of Genoa, nor a kingdom of Italy, can tempt me to treason. The example of the King of Naples does not seduce me; I would sooner be an honest soldier than a treacherous prince.'

"'The Emperor, you say, has wronged me. If so, I have forgotten it. I only remember his kindnesses. Everything I possess or am, I owe to him; my rank, my titles, my fortune, and, above all, what you kindly call my glory. Therefore, I am determined to serve him as long as I live. My heart and my arm are equally his. May my sword shiver in my hand if ever I draw it against the Emperor or my native country. I flatter myself that my well-founded refusal will at least secure me your esteem. I am, etc., etc.'

Louis had returned to France from his Styrian retirement to share his brother's fate; Jerome had no option, Joseph was always obedient, and Hortense, therefore, shares

with Murat the credit of being one of the two Bonapartes who made a "transaction" with the conquerors. That appearances did "the queen" some injustice may be allowed. She had no special reason to love Napoleon, and Napoleon's mother never included her in the condemnation she passed on the Queen of Naples; but hers was certainly not a great or an exceptional nature, and the best that can be said of her is that she was wholly without vindictiveness, an admirable mother, ever ready for self-sacrifice when her sons required her aid. She saved Louis Napoleon from the consequences of his early devotion to the cause of the Italian Revolution, and up to her death in Switzerland, in 1837, it was to the queen that the future Emperor turned for guidance and sympathy in his greatest straits. But though not great as one of the marvellous family who from 1785

have helped to make European history worth studying, she deserves a better panegyric than this vague paragraph:—

"And yet, in spite of all this sorrow and humiliation, Queen Hortense had the courage not to hate humanity, and to teach her children to love their fellow-men and treat them kindly. The heart of the de-throned queen bled from a thousand wounds; but she did not allow these wounds to cicatrize, or her heart to harden beneath the broad scars of sorrow. She loved her sufferings and her wounds, and kept them open with her tears; but the very fact of suffering so fearfully caused her to spare the sufferings of others and try to appease their grief. Hence her life was one incessant act of kindness, and when she died she was enabled to say of herself, as did her mother, the Empress Josephine, 'I have wept greatly, but I never caused others to weep.'"

#### THE ASTOR LIBRARY.

##### RESIGNATION OF DR. COGSWELL.

OUR literary readers will learn with lively emotion that the faithful and learned superintendent of the Astor Library, Joseph G. Cogswell, LL.D., has felt himself compelled, by the pressure on his physical powers of advancing years, to resign the station which he has filled with so much honor and success from the very foundation of the noble library with which his name and fame must ever be identified.

The present is not the occasion for recapitulating the long and varied services of Dr. Cogswell both at home and abroad, in actively, judiciously, and economically collecting and arranging that immense body of books in most of the languages of civilized man, which is destined to stand among us for coming ages, a living record of his devotion to the cause of learning. We feel well assured that appropriate measures will be adopted in our literary and scientific circles to give due expression to their feelings of grateful appreciation.

It was in September last that Dr. Cogswell brought to its final close his arduous undertaking of preparing the catalogue of the library, filling four massive volumes of 2,110 pages, accurately arranging in alphabetical order the titles of all the volumes, nearly 120,000 in number, now on the shelves; and of which every syllable and letter underwent his personal and careful inspection.

On receiving the work the trustees resolved,—

"That they hereby record their high appreciation of the eminent service rendered to the library by the elaborate and admirable catalogue just completed by Dr. Cogswell, and now tender him their thanks for the untiring industry and self-sacrificing devotion he has exhibited in

this most laborious task, reflecting in its successful accomplishment additional and enduring honor on the institution he has so long and so faithfully served."

At the succeeding meeting of the trustees Dr. Cogswell declared his unalterable determination to resign the office of superintendent, to take effect at the close of the year, whereupon they passed the following resolution:—

"Resolved, That the trustees accept the resignation of Dr. Cogswell with sincere regret. They thankfully acknowledge his devoted, faithful, laborious, and most valuable services to the institution, from its organization to the present day, they record, with gratitude, their sense of the pleasure and instruction they have derived from their intercourse with him, and they tender him their warmest wishes for his future welfare."

By a further resolution they requested him "to use, as long as he may find agreeable, the rooms he has hitherto occupied in the library building."

Dr. Cogswell retains his seat in the Board of Trustees, and will continue, as we fervently hope, for many years, while relieved from more active labor, to aid his colleagues by his ripe and varied experience.

The trustees, on his recommendation, and in accordance with their sense of the merits of the successor named by him, have selected as superintendent Francis Schroeder, Esq., late of Rhode Island, and former *charge d'affaires* from the United States to the court of Sweden, a gentleman of fine literary culture, extensive knowledge of books, and courteous and attentive manners.—*New York Evening Post.*

From The Economist.

*Pulmonary Consumption, Bronchitis, Asthma, Chronic Cough, and various other Diseases of the Chest, successfully treated by Medicated Inhalations.* By Alfred Beaumont Maddock, M.D. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co., Stationer's Hall. H. Bailliére, 219 Regent Street.

FOR the last twenty years Dr. Maddock has urged upon the attention of the medical profession, and the public at large, the efficacy of medicated inhalations in the cure of the diseases treated of in the volume now under our notice, which has reached a tenth edition. The remedy itself is not a discovery of Dr. Maddock. As he asserts in his preface, he claims "no merit beyond that of extending and promoting" it. More than forty years ago Sir Alexander Crichton pointed out the strong inference from analogy in favor of direct applications by inhalation to the seat of the disease. "It seems," he says, "a strange hope and strange conduct to pretend to cure an ulcer on the lungs, whether scrofulous, or phlegmonous, or of whatever kind it may be, by internal remedies alone, while it is acknowledged that ulcers on other parts of the body require a local application independently of all internal treatment." Various physicians have taken up the idea, and carried it out in their private practice, but Dr. Maddock alone has given up his whole time and attention to the subject, and endeavored to make the new plan of treatment more widely known and more generally accepted among a profession jealous of innovation and distrustful of novelties. Time and experience have but confirmed our author in the truth of the theory, and the benefits of the practice of inhalation; and, when we consider that in the United Kingdom above sixty thousand persons annually fall victims to consumption, and that that disease, when once established, has been hitherto considered as beyond the reach of medical art, we cannot but wish full success to his endeavors at obtaining a fair trial for a course of treatment so simple in itself, and so promising in its results as far as it has hitherto been tested.

Dr. Maddock opens his case by showing conclusively, from the testimony of unimpeachable witnesses, that consumption, even in its advanced stages, is not incurable; that it has been oftentimes arrested, not so

much by medicine, as by the healing powers of nature. The tubercle has hardened into "a chalky concretion," the abscess has healed and been covered over with a cicatrix. Professor J. H. Bennett found such concretions in twenty-eight out of seventy-three bodies he examined. Rogée asserts "that in the course of a single year he had been able to collect ten or twelve incontrovertible examples of the same kind. Dr. Carswell, late Professor of Morbid Anatomy at University College, writes in his Cyclopædia of Practical Medicine: "The important fact of the curability of the disease has, in our opinion, been satisfactorily established by Laennec. All the physical signs of tubercular phthisis have been present, even those which indicate the existence of an excavation. Yet the disease has terminated favorably, and its perfect cure has been demonstrated by the presence of a cicatrix in that portion of the lung in which the excavation had formerly existed. . . . Pathological anatomy has, perhaps, never afforded more conclusive evidence in proof of the curability of a disease than it has done in tubercular consumption."

These are cheering words, and with such testimony in favor of the possibility, at least, of recovery, surely, it is only right that every rational means of cure, however novel they may be, should be thoroughly investigated; for, as Dr. Maddock justly observes, "If consumption be curable by the operations of nature, in even a single instance, after it has reached its worst stage, where the lungs are broken down with cavities, it must surely be within the reach of art to aid nature so far as materially to increase the frequency of such recoveries."

Dr. Maddock's mode of treatment has two great advantages,—so great indeed, that we are surprised that they have not secured for it a readier acceptance. It is, in the first place, easy and pleasant to the patient, soothing the irritable throat or chest, and giving relief where it cannot cure. Dr. Maddock's experience is that he has rather to restrain than to incite his patients in the use of the inhaler, so great is the sense of ease it brings. In the second place, it largely dispenses with the necessity for the wearisome internal medicines, cough mixtures, opiates, etc., whose constant action so weakens the digestive powers as often to

outweigh in constitutional disturbance the good they may locally effect. The very same medicines may be applied directly, in warm steam, to the surface of the lungs without producing any disagreeable or injurious results. This is especially the case with regard to iodine, a most valuable remedy in scrofulous disorders, but one which often produces "great derangement of the system," and needs "the greatest caution and circumspection in its use." Of this medicine, Sir James Manning, as quoted by Dr. Maddock, writes: "With respect to the inhalation of iodine, if I had not abundant proofs of its value, I would not be the first to make use of it; but I can with safety as-

sert that it will sometimes heal it early applied; and it will give rest and repose and relief, in cases where it is impossible to cure."

Dr. Maddock states the arguments and evidence in favor of the system of medicated inhalations clearly, succinctly, and forcibly, and follows them up by brief reports of fifty cases in which, under his own eye, it was practised with the most fully satisfactory results. We recommend their perusal to all who wish to know the practical results of his mode of treatment, or who are interested in the advancement of medical science.

*Athelstan: a Poem.* Edward Moxon.

"At last they met—one desperately brave, and staking all he lived for on a blow; the other timid, lest from the same hole whence life escaped, he might let slip the chance of seeing his lost gold come home again. In the short fight the elder combatant let pass some chances, for the miser's soul restrained the arm from doing all its ill, and strove to overpower the youth, but not to disable him from payment. A strong blow, which broke his guard and beat him down to earth, showed how his wisdom was pure foolishness. There lay he in his imbecility, and swore to spare the payment of the debt in payment for his life. The victor smiled a most unchristian smile, and cried, 'My friend! one fact is worth ten possibilities. The living may keep promises; the dead can never break. Thou'rt my prize by right of lawful war—thus I dispose of thee!' And with a thud he dropped his heavy maul upon the wrinkled front. The old man's eyes closed in eternal night, and his last thoughts mixed horribly up the matters of two worlds—God's coming judgment, and his stolen gold." If that be poesy, then is *Athelstan* a poem.—*Spectator.*

My first denotes a company,  
My second shuns a company,  
My third calls a company,  
My whole amuses a company.

—Co-nun-drum.

Why is a kiss like a sermon?—It requires two heads and an application.

Why are teeth like verbs?—They are regular, irregular and defective.

Was Eve high or low church?—Adam thought her Eve-angelical.

If a bear were to go into a linendraper's shop, what would he want?—He would want muzzlin'.

Why is it impossible for a person who lisps to believe in the existence of young ladies?—He takes every Miss for a Myth.

When are weeds not weeds?—When they become widows.

In what part of the *Times* can we find broken English?—The bankrupt list.

What part of a fish is like the end of a book?—The Fin-is.

Which of our English monarchs had most reason to complain of his laundress?—John, when his baggage was lost in the Wash.

When was Napoleon most shabbily dressed?—When he was out at Elba (elbow).

What fish is most valued by a happy wife?—Her-ring.

What part of a fish weighs most?—The scales.

**LORD BACON.**—We hear that the Lord Chancellor and the Master of the Rolls are inclined to have the important documents whose recovery to the uses of history—and especially in connection with Lord Chancellor Bacon—we recently announced, set in order, abstracted and calendared—at least, so far as Lord Bacon's decrees and decisions are concerned. We trust that our great legal authorities will go a step further. No better service could be done to historical inquiry. The light which these papers shed on the judicial acts of Bacon they also shed on the judicial acts of his successors. For personal history these Chancery Records are more important than the regular State Papers; and it is greatly to be desired that some means will be found for rendering them accessible to the public.—*Athenæum.*

From The Examiner.

*The Breath of Life, or Mal-Respiration and its Effects upon the Enjoyments and Life of Man. (Manu-graph.)* By George Catlin, Author of "Notes of Travels amongst the North American Indians." Trübner and Co.

THE adventurous artist traveller to whom we are indebted for so many good sketches with pen and paint-brush of the native tribes of North America, has a very strong feeling upon "the disgusting and dangerous habit of sleeping with the mouth open." His master passion would now seem to be a desire to inspire the world with his own horror of an open mouth. The breath of life was breathed into the nostrils, and only through the nostrils is it to be taken in a proper state. The raw air that goes through the mouth into the lungs by day or night having helped to destroy the teeth on its road, attacks the life within; and the raw night air so taken is of all things most horrible. Mr. Catlin is so much in earnest that he writes on stone with his own hand and distributes as "a manu-graph" his monograph upon the horrors of an open mouth, and illustrates it with some amusingly extravagant sketches of men, women, and children asleep or awake with their mouths open or shut; the open-mouthed sleepers looking like Bedlamites in anguish, and the people who sleep with their mouths shut smiling with an exuberant jollity of self-satisfaction. Mr. Catlin (who says that in youth he fell in love with a little girl because she never opened more than the middle of her mouth, and seemed to have the sides of her lips "honeyed together") has himself conquered delicacy of the lungs by conquest of the habit of sleeping with his mouth open. When he was among the Indian tribes, sleeping often in boats or in the open air, he learnt the value of the American Indian's composure. He never opens his mouth wide in emotion, or if he does, he covers it with his hand, and he scorns as weak the man who does not keep his lips and teeth well closed. The consequences of this, says Mr. Catlin, are teeth that have tempted the civilized American artificial toothmaker with his forceps into the Indian burial-places; there is also none of our mortality of children. In a village of two hundred and fifty persons, after the chief and his wife had talked some time,

they could recollect only three deaths of children within the last ten years: one was drowned, one was killed by the kick of a horse, and the third by the bite of a rattle-snake. Another chief over a tribe of one thousand five hundred could learn from inquiry among the women of no deaths of children within that time, except from accident. Among two thousand Mandans Mr. Catlin was told that the death of a child under ten years old was very unusual, and he found very few young skulls in the Indian burying-places. But the result was not so good where the men had become so demoralized by excessive use of rum or whiskey that they fell into the civilized habit of sleeping with their mouths open. It is by the enervating luxury of food, by the over-heated sleeping-rooms and feather beds of civilization, that the habit is acquired which Mr. Catlin places very near to the root of all evil. Are not the victims of cholera and yellow fever those persons who sleep with their mouths open in infected districts?

When children sleep with their mouths open, says Mr. Catlin, their teeth are let loose to grow of divers lengths and in the wrong direction, while the passages of the nose "being vacated, like vacated roads that grow up to grass and weeds, become the seat of polypus and other diseases." Let us not be idiots, but let us all go to bed resolved that we will not let our mouths fall open during the night.

"Open mouths during the night are sure to produce open mouths during the day; the teeth protrude, if the habit be commenced in infancy, so that the mouth can't be shut, the natural expression is lost, the voice is affected, polypus takes possession of the nose, the teeth decay, tainted breath ensues, and the lungs are destroyed. The whole features of the face are changed, the under jaw unhinged, falls and retires, the cheeks are hollowed, and the cheek-bones and the upper jaw advance, and the brow and the upper eyelids are unnaturally lifted; presenting at once, the leading features and expression of *Idiocy*."

Of course it is a pity that we have to use our mouths at all. This Mr. Catlin feels,—

"It is one of the misfortunes of civilization that it has too many amusing and exciting things for the mouth to say, and too many delicious things for it to taste, to allow of its being closed during the day: the

mouth, therefore, has too little reserve for the protection of its natural purity of expression ; and too much exposure for the protection of its garniture : and (' good advice is never too late ') keep your mouth shut when you *read*, when you *write*, when you *listen*, when you are in pain, when you are *walking*, when you are *running*, when you are *riding*, and, *by all means*, when you are *angry*. There is no person in society but who will find, and acknowledge, improvement in health and enjoyment, from even a *temporary* attention to this advice."

The pictures which illustrate this odd publication are as curious and amusing as the text, and the work altogether is a curiosity of literature. It need not be said that there is a simple truth under all the sincere extrav-

agance of emphasis. It is wholesomest to sleep with the mouth shut and the nose in pure air, and in daily life and conversation the open mouth is a sign of weakness, though we can hardly take it to be, as Mr. Catlin says, the cause of it. "Men," he writes,—

"Men who have been jostled about amongst the vicissitudes of a long life, amidst their fellow-men, will have observed that all nervousness commences in the mouth. Men who lack the courage to meet their fellow-men in physical combat, are afraid, not of their enemy, nor from a conviction of their own inferiority, but from the *disarming* nervousness of an open and tremulous mouth, the vibrations of which reach and weaken them, to the ends of their fingers and their toes."

*Travels of Rabbi Petachia of Ratisbon.* Translated by Dr. A. Benisch. Longman and Co.

It was a happy thought of Dr. Benisch to translate from the original Hebrew this quaint record of travels in the twelfth century. The Rabbi indisputably belonged to "the tribes of the wandering foot and weary breast." At a time when travelling could only be accomplished at great personal risk, and with an amount of fatigue that would appall the most muscular Christian, he traversed large portions of Poland, Russia, Little Tartary, the Crimea, Armenia, Assyria, Syria, Palestine, and Greece. Whatever he relates as having fallen beneath his own observation is truthfully told, and even when he repeats at second-hand the marvellous legends he picked up in the course of his peregrinations, he is careful not to vouch for the veracity of his informants. This itinerary, however, was not actually written by himself, but was probably noted down by his friend Rabbi Yehoodah the Pious, to whom Petachia was in the habit of recounting his adventures. In the original text many of the allusions would have been quite unintelligible to the general reader, but for the explanatory notes supplied by Dr. Benisch and Mr. W. F. Ainsworth, and which bear strong evidence to the erudite researches of their authors.—*Spectator*.

which her own lot has been cast. Occupying a small farm of one hundred acres, not far from Toronto, her husband was enabled to turn his very small capital to such good account that by the end of the second year he was almost independent of tradespeople, and in possession of a goodly flock of sheep, a young herd of cattle, numerous pigs, three horses and a colt, and unnumbered poultry. A rapid fortune is not to be looked for by emigrants with small means, but they may certainly do worse than rent a farm in the neighborhood of any of the large towns. The climate, though extremely variable, is by no means unhealthy ; and a sober, industrious man, blessed with a good-humored and "handy" partner, is nearly certain to succeed. Neither fine ladies, nor fine gentlemen, however, have any chance of doing well, for Canadian settlers must be sufficient unto themselves. To all persons intending to emigrate, this little volume will prove useful and suggestive.—*Spectator*.

*Euclid's Elements of Geometry.* By Robert Potts, M.A. J. W. Parker and Co.

THE complete success of the first edition of this course of elementary geometry is the best proof of its adaptation to the wants of the age. While adhering to Dr. Simson's text, Mr. Potts has added a large amount of explanatory notes, of the greatest utility to students, and a considerable augmentation has been made in the present edition. The geometrical exercises are also excellent of their kind, and three separate classes have been formed of those which relate to Loci, Maxima and Minima, and Tangents. Of the many versions of the elements of geometry, this is, beyond all question, the best.—*Spectator*.

*Canada : Why we Live in it, and Why we Like it.* By Mrs. Edward Copleston. Parker, Son, and Bourn.

VERY simply and pleasantly does Mrs. Copleston relate her experiences of Canadian farm-life. She makes no parade of hardships undergone and difficulties overcome, nor does she exaggerate the advantages of the colony in

From Once a Week.

### THE POISONED MIND.

#### PART I.—LAPIS PHILOSOPHORUM.

It is with a forced calmness that I write the history of that time in my life which has now passed away: a time combining so much happiness and agony, that I almost wonder now that I am alive and with a whole mind to tell it. The study that I then pursued was so fascinating, so wholly absorbing, that it seemed as if every other thought had been engulfed in it. It was not covetousness, nor the love of gold, that led me on in my researches. Wealth and position were both mine; but a particular course of study and reading had led me to pursue that part of science which relates to the mutability of metals—the possibility of resolving those bodies which we at present call elements. I was no visionary. It did not appear to me that I was following an unhallowed or unlawful employment: on the contrary, every supposition on which I acted was confirmed and supported by the leading men of science of our own day.

I do not wish to justify or palliate what I am about to relate in these pages. My old delight in the study of chemistry is long since vanished, and not a vestige of my laboratory or its contents now remains. All I wish to impress is, that I commenced my researches in a true spirit of love for science. It appeared to me that the study of chemistry began with a cloudy, poetical dream of a *menstruum universale*, that was to give endless youth and ceaseless health. Wild hope! Vain dream! Civilization pulled down the airy edifice, and left only the little foundation-work of utility. Yet to me, looking around in this unfanciful and iron age, it appeared inconsistently strange that we were once more tending back to that cloudy, poetical dream of the alchemists. Faraday and Murchison in England, and Dumas in France, seemed to point out clearly to my mind that the so-called elementary bodies are reciprocally resolvable. By degrees I became more and more absorbed in the subject: my laboratory and my study became my home. Gradually I separated myself from all my friends, and gave up every energy and faculty to the pursuit of my investigations.

My library contained a strange and valuable collection of books obtained at great

expense and trouble. There were dingy papyrus leaves covered with mysterious characters, and bearing the name of Hermes Trismegistus; parchment rolls and palimpsests of Greece and Rome; rare manuscripts from the time of Caligula, and others that had been saved from the fire of Diocletian. Arabian and Egyptian works filled one part of the shelves, and in another those of Raymond Lully, Paracelsus, and Basilus Valentinus. I was not, however, content, and still added to the collection whenever an opportunity offered itself.

I had heard that some very scarce books and manuscripts were to be sold in Paris. I immediately set out for the Continent, as I believed that several of the works for sale would assist me in the discoveries which I had now determined to make.

It was at the sale of these literary treasures that I first met with Antonio Maffi, who had been, I believe, an Italian monk, but whose previous history I never learned. My attention was called to him by observing that he seemed anxious to buy the very books and documents in which I took an interest. My purse was longer than his, and the consequence was, that they nearly all fell to my lot.

As I was glancing over one of the purchases that I had just made, I suddenly became conscious that this man was looking at me intently. From the place where I stood I could see his reflection in a mirror which was placed against the wall. He perceived this, and turning round, looked into the mirror also, and thus our eyes met. He smiled—a thin, faint, forbidding smile—bowed slightly, and then came up to me. He apologized for his intrusion, as he called it, on the ground that he fancied that our tastes and studies led us both in the same direction.

He spoke in English, and remarkably well and fluently; I had observed that before this he had spoken both in Italian and French. I must confess that, although his face and expression were not pleasing, still there was something about his address and manners that prevented me from refusing his professed acquaintance.

Let me describe him as he then appeared. He was tall and slender, with a slight stoop, and he appeared to have numbered about forty years. He was dressed entirely in

black  
ders.  
his  
in its  
reme  
it as  
pale  
smal  
of b  
whic  
mou  
mou  
erw  
crop  
was  
over

A  
whi  
lige  
his  
dun  
root  
rea  
sto  
of  
mo  
cou  
to  
cha  
to  
ap  
su  
an  
in  
eve  
co

sp  
m  
ph  
di

no  
an  
se  
th  
p  
h  
H  
b  
ti  
to  
F  
g

black, with a loose black cloak over his shoulders. A dark sombrero or wide-awake threw his face into the shade; but it was so striking in its character, that I remarked it well, and remember it well. Ay! and I shall remember it as long as memory lasts. It was long and pale—deadly pale. His eyebrows, which were small and very dark, almost met at the top of his straight, delicate nose, the nostrils of which seemed always dilated. A very black moustache entirely hid the expression of his mouth, except when smiling. His face, otherwise, was cleanly shaved, and his hair was cropped closely over his head. His brow was low, but square, and projected slightly over his bright, black, beadlike eyes.

After conversing with him for a short while, I was extremely struck with the intelligence of his remarks and the acuteness of his observation. Even in the short period during which I was with him in the saleroom I perceived that he was a man who had read profoundly, and in whose memory was stored up all that he had read. The charm of manner to which I have before alluded almost took away the sinister effect which his countenance had at first produced. I longed to see and know more of him, and we interchanged cards. From the card he handed to me I observed that he lived in furnished apartments, in a part of Paris that led me to suppose that his means were limited. At any rate, it furnished me with a plea for asking him to dine with me at my hotel that evening. After some slight hesitation, he consented.

We parted, and met again at dinner. I spent an evening in entire accordance with my own tastes, chemistry and speculative philosophy being the standard themes of our discourse.

During the course of the evening I could not help asking Signor Maffi of his intentions and prospects in life. At first he seemed reserved; but observing that I was not asking through idle curiosity, but more for the purpose of assisting him, if it lay in my power, he told me in a very few words his position. He had heard of the probable sale of these books and manuscripts in Palermo, his native town. Poor as he was, he had intended to offer everything in his power for them. Fortunately, he had found an occasion for going to England, he might call it a business object, since he was paid for it. Avail-

ing himself of the opportunity, he had determined to make Paris a station in his route, and thus try to secure the treasures in which I had forestalled him. He then pointed out and proved to me that several of the manuscripts which I had purchased were of much greater value than I had supposed.

More than ever fascinated by his manner, I asked him if he had made any definite engagement as to what he would do after his arrangements in England were completed. He told me that he had no fixed purpose, and no particular tie that bound him to Palermo. He was a man of few words, and in a short time we made an agreement that as soon as possible he was to join me as assistant and partner in my studies and researches. I explained that my laboratory was not conducted for any personal profit, but for the love of science alone; however, in case any advantageous discoveries were made, he was to receive his full share of the prize.

We parted, to all appearances mutually satisfied, Antonio promising to meet me, in three days' time, at Boulogne.

My affairs all being settled in Paris, on the third day I set out by rail for Boulogne, and arriving there in the evening, I at once went on board the steamer. It was a beautiful summer evening, and as I walked backwards and forwards on the deck, I waited impatiently for the arrival of my new colleague. I had made several cigars vanish in smoke in the still air, passengers and luggage had come bundling on board with their usual noise and confusion; but still there was no appearance of my Italian friend. Darkness came on, for the moon had not yet risen, and my eyes ranged ceaselessly along the dusky quay line, but I waited and looked in vain. The bell rang, the official with the cocked hat and cutlass growled his last ill-natured growl about the *vîses*, strangers left, ladders were removed, and with much screeching and splashing we steamed out between the piers.

I was disappointed at not having met my new acquaintance; but having given him my address in London, I still hoped to see him shortly, as I felt convinced that he would be a valuable auxiliary.

It was a lovely night. There was very little wind, the sky was cloudless, and as the moon rose she cast a long glancing white pathway on the crests of the waves. I stood,

leaning over the side-rail, watching the beautiful change and glancing of the reflection, and forgetting everything else around me. There was, however, a considerable swell on the sea, notwithstanding the calmness of the weather, and in a short time most of the passengers were either below or *hors de combat*.

I looked round at the remainder, and was immediately struck with a young lady who was sitting in the covered seats a short distance from me. I never gazed on so lovely a face. She seemed to be dressed in deep mourning, and had thrown back her thick crape veil in order to look at the reflection of the moonlight on the waters, which I had just been watching. Her complexion appeared almost paler than was natural in the moonbeams, while her large brown eyes had a tenderly mournful expression in them that thrilled through my heart, and I fancied I saw tears in them; a suspicion almost confirmed by the nervous movement of her exquisitely formed mouth.

Seeing that she had no wrappers, I hastened to offer her some that I had, for it was now very cold. She accepted them with a startled flush and a pleased and gratified smile—such a smile, it appeared to me, as we only meet with in those who are not much accustomed to meet with even little acts of kindness. I sat down opposite to her, and we soon entered into conversation. I was charmed with her freshness, her frankness, and her simplicity. As she spoke on any subject that interested her, her face lighted up with such intelligence and enthusiasm, that in my eyes she looked more and more beautiful every instant.

With an almost childish cry of delight she pointed out a falling star, and I, instead of looking at the star, was looking at her with feelings of admiration and affection that had long been strangers to my breast, when I was suddenly conscious that I was watched by one who stood between me and the light.

With a start of astonishment, I discovered in the dark figure before me the Italian chemist, Antonio Maffi.

I rose up instantly, saying,—

“Signor Maffi, I am glad to see you. I had given you up, as I did not observe you on board before we left the harbor.”

“I have to request your pardon, signor,” said he, “for not having seen you before. My passage is taken in the fore part of the vessel, and as I felt tired when I came on

board, I have been asleep ever since. Pray accept my apologies.”

He bowed, and passing me, went up to my young companion, who had drawn down her veil on hearing his voice. He addressed her respectfully, but in rather stern tones.

“Miss Hawthorne, I am rather surprised to find you on deck. Would it not be better for you to go below to the cabin?”

She excused herself in a collected manner, saying that the cabin was very close, and that she was warmly wrapped up. Antonio sat down by her side, and, as I walked away, I heard them speaking earnestly in low tones.

As I could see that my company was not then desired, I kept away; but, on returning about half an hour afterwards, I found my young friend once more alone, and again had the pleasure of hearing her speak and of gazing on her beautiful face.

The brief account which she then gave me of herself, rather reluctantly, I may as well now state:—

Louisa Hawthorne was the only daughter of a clergyman who died a few years after her birth. Her widowed mother strove to give her daughter a lady's education, but, in consequence of poverty and ill-health, Louisa, shortly after leaving school, was obliged to take the post of governess in an English family about to travel on the Continent. She obtained this situation through the exertions of the lady principal in the school where she had been educated. The family in which Miss Hawthorne was engaged at length determined to settle in Palermo, and whilst in that town she received the news of her mother's death. Her health and spirits both sank, and she was advised by the medical men of the town to return to England. Through the exertions of the gentleman in whose house she was residing, she was now returning to her old instructress, under the guidance of Signor Maffi.

The simplicity and artlessness with which she told her history endeared her to me more than ever; but I could not help thinking that Antonio had spoken to her in a more dictatorial manner than his position warranted. I stated this to her as delicately as I possibly could. I thought she blushed as I spoke; but she answered rather hurriedly,—

“Signor Maffi has several times spoken to me in a manner that is painful to me. I am,

however, in his charge and under his protection at present. I am afraid that I have spoken to him rather too plainly this evening, as he is very hot-tempered and unfor-giving. Still, he has been very kind—but, hush! Let us change the conversation, if you please, for I see that he is again coming this way."

Antonio came up a few seconds afterwards; but I could not see the expression of his face, since his hat was drawn over his brow. He spoke, however, calmly, and to me alone. He led the conversation dexterously to my favorite topics, and for the rest of the night, close to the time of our arrival at Dover, we walked the deck speculating and philosophizing. I forgot everybody and everything, except our one grand subject, until we were almost in port, and then I suddenly recollected my beautiful young friend. She was asleep, but woke as I came up. I apologized for my rudeness, and begged to know if I might call upon her in town. She smiled pleasantly, and gave me her address; but seeing her draw down her veil again rapidly, I turned, and once more saw the ill-omened figure of the Italian.

I took him rather roughly by the sleeve, and led him away.

When we had arrived at a quiet part of the deck I spoke,—

"Antonio Maffi, I have only known you a short time, but I consider that I am justified, knowing what I do, in warning you that your conduct is exciting both fear and distrust in the mind of that young lady."

"Signor," he replied, coldly, "I regret to hear you say that which I have feared myself, but—and remember that my pulse at this moment is beating more evenly than yours—I love Louisa Hawthorne—I love her, I tell you—and it will be an evil day for the man that steps in between my love and her."

His manner and his voice were cold, but I could see that his eyes flashed as he spoke.

"Antonio," said I, reluctantly, laying my hand upon his shoulder, "believe me that you will never gain that young girl's heart by harsh language and cruelty of manner."

He moved from under my hand with a muttered laugh, saying,—

"Thanks, signor, for your advice; but I pray you, do not forget the words that I have said."

He left me, and went forward into the shadow of the boat, and I neither saw him nor Louisa till we landed, when they both bade me farewell, Maffi promising to call upon me in a day or two.

I travelled alone and undisturbed in the railway carriage to London, at times falling into uneasy slumber, haunted by the white face and dry, sardonic laugh of the Italian; but as the daylight filled the air, pleasanter recollections of Louisa's beautiful eyes and beaming smile drove my more gloomy thoughts away. I longed to see her again.

After a few days, during which I never saw Antonio, I determined to call at the address which Louisa had given me. I found her at home, and could not mistake her smile of welcome, and I left her, more than ever charmed with her society. She had not seen Maffi since the day of their arrival in London. As I was leaving the house I fancied I saw a tall figure in a black cloak which reminded me of him, but I lost sight of it a moment afterwards. However, I had a note from him, the next day, informing me that he had met with some old friends from Italy, and was about to go with them into Scotland for a short time, at the expiration of which he would be ready to commence his engagement. Notwithstanding this information, I frequently thought that I perceived his figure at a distance, especially when I had been calling upon Louisa. This, however, might have been fancy only.

It would be needless to dwell on the next few months. Suffice it to say that my visits to Miss Hawthorne became very frequent and regular; my love was proffered and accepted, and very soon afterwards we were married. All thought of the future and dread of the past vanished from our minds, and we lived on, happy in the present and in each other's society.

But this was not the last.

A few days after we had returned from our short wedding-tour, I thought of my laboratory. Alas! all my old aspirations and ambitions had evaporated. I gave orders for my rooms to be opened and ready for my inspection on the morrow.

My library and working-room were situated at the end of the garden behind the house, and opened into the street beyond. The next morning, leaving my wife under

the porch, I went down through the garden once more to my well-remembered toil. As I opened the dark door I glanced round, and saw my wife standing in the sunlight—a smiling sunbeam herself—and then I passed into the gloomy shade of the laboratory.

A tall black figure was standing over the furnace, peering into a crucible, and the red light of the glowing charcoal glanced upon a face that I remembered only too well.

"Ah! did you think that I had forgotten you, signor? No, no; Antonio Maffi never forgets."

The words of the Italian sank deep into my heart, and I shuddered with an inexplicable dread of coming evil.

#### PART II.—THE FATAL SECRET.

THUNDERSTRUCK as I was by the sudden appearance of Antonio, he accounted so readily and naturally for his presence, that the feeling of terror which rose at first in my mind quickly disappeared. His old manner had its old fascination for me, and in a short time I found myself talking with him exactly as I had talked in Paris only a few months before.

He told me he had called at my house some days previously, and had found I was away from home, but that I was expected to return shortly. He had been awaiting my arrival ever since. My laboratory he had easily discovered, and on passing along the street that morning had seen that it was open. He immediately entered, requesting the servants not to disturb me. Although, through deference to my wife's feelings, I had never told her of my alliance with Maffi, still I had told my domestics I expected a foreign gentleman to assist me in my researches, and his request was consequently acceded to.

The disagreeable impression produced by his first appearance wore off rapidly, and I soon felt quite at ease. I perceived he had already laid the foundation work for a new course of research, and as he proceeded with his work noiselessly and carefully, I was struck with the extreme adroitness of his manipulation. When he had completed the preliminary stage of his experiments, we both adjourned to my study, which opened into the laboratory, and there we endeavored to decipher and unriddle the mystical contents of my Parisian purchases. I was

again astonished at the clearness of mind and calmness of judgment with which he discriminated facts of value among the vast amount of cumbersome uselessness with which they were surrounded. As he pointed them out, I made notes from time to time, and was delighted to find how important a fund of materials he soon extracted.

Time passed away unheeded, until the evening shades began to warn me it was late in the day. I was about to propose we should abstain from our labors, when I became aware that some one was moving about in the outer laboratory.

Antonio had risen, and was standing at the window, in order to see more distinctly the volume which he had taken up. Glancing from him to the doorway behind me, I saw the curtain gently lifted up, and my wife standing in the opening. As her eyes wandered through the gloom, they at last fell upon the form of Maffi. She started, and seemed spell-bound for an instant, and then dropping the curtain, moved silently away. I heard her passing quietly through the outer room, and the sound of the further door as it opened and shut.

All this time I remained silent,—a feeling of sorrow and remorse taking possession of me. I felt that I ought to have spoken to Louisa of my arrangements with the Italian, and it seemed now as if I had been deceiving her, if not with a *suggestio falsi*, at least with a *suppresso veri*. It had been often in my heart to tell her all, during the calm and happy time that had just passed away. But I feared to give her pain, for I knew she disliked if she did not fear the man. Latterly, however, I had become so wrapped up in my own happiness and in her society, that I had almost forgotten his existence, or if I did remember him, I almost fancied I should never see him again. When, therefore, my wife appeared thus silently, with that strange look of mingled sadness and terror in her face, I felt guilty,—guilty of treason to her young confiding love.

Full of these thoughts, I glanced up at Antonio, who was still reading intently, in the fading daylight, at the window, and I could not prevent a feeling of distrust and suspicion from rising in my breast. It might be the increasing uncertainty of the light, but certainly at that moment his coun-

tenance seemed absolutely fiendish,—and I fancied I saw that deadly smile hovering about his mouth.

At last he shut the book, and replaced it, saying,—

“Well, signor, I think we have done enough preliminary work to-day. We had better lose no time, but begin our practical investigations to-morrow.”

I cannot tell how it was, but whenever that man spoke to me on the subject of my studies, whenever he said a word that buoyed up my infatuated hopes and ambition, I forgot his repulsiveness immediately. He seemed to have a mysterious influence over my intellect and will.

I at once acquiesced in his proposal for avoiding delay, and promised to have everything arranged for commencing with our work in the morning.

As he drew on his hat and folded his cloak round him before leaving, he said,—

“Remember we will be long together. The undertaking which we are about to commence is no trivial one, and will absorb much of your time,—that is, if you enter upon it in the same spirit in which you spoke to me in Paris. In order that we may work together effectually, it is necessary that you inform the signora, your wife, of the whole of our engagement. I could see plainly,” he continued, lighting a cigar with deliberation, “by her look of astonishment this evening, that I was an unexpected guest.”

I had fancied he did not observe Louisa's entrance. He noticed my start and said, with that laugh which I had begun to hate,—

“Aha, signor! We, who have looked so long into the dark secrets of nature, are not quite blind. Good-night.”

He was gone, with the evil smile upon his face; and again that gloomy expectant feeling of evil fell around me with the shadows of the place.

I found my wife pale and frightened, but I endeavored in every way that lay in my power to re-assure her. I explained to her my reasons for not having told her before of my agreement with Antonio, and expatiated so fully on his knowledge and ability, and of the great assistance he was able to afford me, that she soon coincided, or appeared to coincide with me, fully. She confessed to a feeling of distrust towards the Italian, and so did I; but we both determined we would en-

deavor to conquer a feeling which could only be a prejudice. Louisa herself remembered that in Palermo he was esteemed as a very learned man, against whom nothing could be said except that he was reserved and cold.

I myself had not forgotten the words which he had uttered to me on board the steamboat. But now, these words seemed to mean very little, although at the time they were spoken they appeared to me to be uttered with all the depth and feeling of his heart. I can only account for this change and deadening of perception on my part, by the strange effect of the man's conversation and manners upon me, when in his company. He seemed so utterly bound up in, and carried away by, our grand pursuit, that I could not disunite him from it. He appeared to be almost *part of my own mind*,—so congenial was he to my tastes, desires, and hopes. Singular as it may appear, although I feared and distrusted him, I felt I could not separate myself from him.

On the next day Antonio and I were deep in our chemical researches. Every fresh experiment and every result called forth my wonder and delight, and the time passed over rapidly. Days succeeded days, and we became more and more devoted to our tasks.

Engaged as we were thus constantly, it would have appeared strange if I had not asked my companion to spend a few of his leisure hours in my house. I often did so, but he as often declined. He remained in the laboratory all day, usually arriving before me in the morning, and often remaining till late in the day.

During this time, although I felt I was absenting myself too much from my young wife's company,—and although I struggled hard to overcome it,—I felt I was drawn towards my colleague by a sympathy and attraction too powerful to resist.

At length we had our arrangements so far completed that we determined to make a decisive trial of the reality of our projects. We failed signally. Antonio laid the entire blame on our not having devoted sufficient time and attention to the work. This was disheartening to me, for I had bestowed every available moment on it, and had had many a heartache in consequence; for I knew that all day long Louisa was alone, and pining at my absence. He noticed my look of discomfiture, and with his diabolical

laugh he taunted me with growing tired of my hobby,—of being palled with my own enthusiasm. I could not bear his sneers; I writhed under them. I insisted upon recommencing our labors at once, and declared that not one moment should be wasted by me, and that if necessary I would watch and work night and day in order to secure my long-dreamed-of desire.

I think I see him now, as I spoke in my enthusiasm, with his cold, cruel smile and his glittering black eyes fixed upon me. Why did I not tell him to the earth then and there? Why did I listen for a moment to his smooth-tongued words, that now, molten hot, are searing into my inmost soul?

We commenced our work afresh with more assiduity and application than ever. My thoughts and imagination were so carried away by our plans that—I am almost ashamed to write it—I seldom, if ever, thought of my young wife.

My colleague, as the time passed on, very rarely left the laboratory,—encasing himself in his ample cloak he would take his rest hurriedly either in the study, or on the floor outside of the furnace doors.

Louisa, who had begun to look pale and ill, at length spoke to me about my apparent neglect. I tried to excuse my conduct, but failed; and she entreated me so earnestly that she might at all events be allowed to come into the laboratory with me during my work, that I at last consented.

I spoke to Maffi on the subject, but he scarcely made any remark,—only observing, in an undertone, that he did not think a laboratory a suitable place for a lady.

However, during the day, as he saw me trying to make the room a little more orderly,—arranging a work-table with flowers, and placing a couch by the window overlooking the garden,—I thought I saw him once or twice, look up from his work stealthily, with his deadly smile.

The next day Louisa came down with me, and remained for the most part of the day. It was a pleasant relief to me, at times, to turn my eyes from the smoke and gloom of the furnaces to the bright little form of my wife, as she sat reading or working at the window. Whenever I looked towards her, she met me with a pleasant smile. All the while Antonio Maffi worked on, scarcely ever raising his head.

At length we made our arrangements so complete that we once more determined to make the great attempt. Assiduous as we had been before, we now doubled our assiduity. I only snatched a few hours' rest now and then. One of us was always awake. The boiling over of a crucible, or the fracture of a retort was liable to throw us back in the ground we had gained; therefore we were always on the alert. My wife hovered ever in or near the room, like a ray of sunlight through the storm-clouds of my anxiety.

The decisive night at last arrived. Louisa, seeing my troubled expression, begged she might be allowed to stay with me. I wished her to retire to the house, but she entreated me to grant her this favor. She made her request so touchingly,—I could not bear to see the tears in her deep, brown eyes,—that I consented. As I did so, I glanced at the Italian. Although he was busily engaged, to all appearances, I found he was regarding us with a deep scowl of—what appeared to me—malignant satisfaction. He cast down his eyes, however, as he met mine, warning me coldly that there was no time to lose.

He had never yet spoken to my wife since she had commenced her visits to us. He merely bowed politely when she entered or left the room. This line of conduct was on the whole, I think, satisfactory both to Louisa and myself.

Cautiously and resolutely, then, Maffi and I began our final experiments, my wife sitting at the table, by the lamp, reading.

There was a small chafing-dish, containing spirits of wine, which stood on a raised tripod, in the middle of the apartment, and which we used occasionally, when we wanted a very subdued light.

We had been working for some time in silence, when it was found necessary to use this chafing-dish. I lighted the spirits of wine, and walking forward to the table where my wife was, I turned down the flame of the lamp. The burning spirit in the chafing-dish cast a flickering and ghastly light through the room. Strange, black shadows like phantoms leapt and danced about the walls and ceiling, while the uncouth retorts, stills, phials, and electric apparatus loomed duskily and mysteriously in the uncertain light.

As I looked about me, I could with diffi-

culty distinguish the black form of the Italian, as he glided noiselessly through the gloom. I lost sight of him, but was conscious that he was behind me—at my elbow. A strange feeling of faintness suddenly came over me, from which I was roused in an instant by a few low words, spoken by my wife at my side.

"Fools that you are!" she said, "you would seek for the Great Secret, and yet you still stumble blindly on, from error to error, from lie to lie."

I shuddered from head to foot, and gazed on her with unspeakable feelings of terror. Yet she spoke calmly and distinctly,—repeating slowly what she had just said, seeing that I was at first too agitated to understand her.

I could hardly believe my senses, as she continued to speak; she seemed to understand the whole of our operations, and pointed out, with a strange tone of contemptuous authority, several mistakes we had made, and cleared up, also, several points on which we had been in doubt.

It was the wonderful knowledge which she exhibited that struck me with terror. Up to that moment I had fancied she was entirely ignorant of the true nature of our researches; nay, from many conversations I had had with her, I felt convinced she knew nothing more than the bare rudiments of chemistry.

As she continued to speak I felt the strange faintness that had come over me before, again stealing about me; but I was conscious throughout that Maffi was close behind me, though I did not see him.

Indistinctly, I perceived my wife rise from her seat; she laid her hand upon my arm, and led me to one of the furnaces; then, still in the same low, clear voice, she pointed out an error that would have been fatal to our undertaking, if persisted in. I heard her drowsily, as if in a dream; but nevertheless, I felt in my mind her remarks were correct. A peculiar humming noise now sounded painfully in my ears, and the light in the room seemed changed to a deep rose color. I saw my wife suddenly raise her arms and press her hands violently against her temples, and a piercing shriek rang through the air. Casting off my faintness with a desperate effort, I caught her as she was falling to the ground. At this instant I became aware that Antonio had opened the door leading to the garden, and rushing past

him I stumbled forward, bearing the fainting form of my wife into the cool night air.

Some days elapsed before Louise entirely recovered. The physician who attended her said she seemed to be suffering from the effects of some narcotic poison. I told him she had been seized with fainting while sitting with me in my laboratory. He said, and I agreed with him, that the heat and closeness of the air in the room, together with the escape, perhaps, of some volatile essence, had brought on the attack. He advised that she should not again venture into its precincts.

While my wife was unwell, I seldom entered my work-rooms, except for a short time now and then, to see how Antonio was progressing. He spoke little, but continued his work laboriously. I refrained from alluding to the events which had occurred, but I noticed, with a strange feeling at my heart, that he seemed to be acting entirely on the advice which had fallen from my wife on that memorable night. I said nothing, but watched him going on quietly and deliberately, step by step, correcting the errors she had pointed out, and proceeding in the manner she had indicated.

Up to this period I had never spoken to Louisa of the night in the laboratory. However, as she was now well enough to be down-stairs, and nothing ailing her more than a little weakness and languor, I thought I would ask her for some explanation. To my surprise, she denied all knowledge of what had taken place; she asserted she never did and never could understand chemistry; that she was perfectly ignorant of our experiments and ultimate intentions, and again repeated she had no recollection whatever of the events of that strange night.

I would have felt angry and indignant at these strange assertions—indeed, words of reproach were on my tongue—but when I looked at her ingenuous face I could not help feeling she spoke the truth. Many times I tried afterwards to lead her to talk about the object of our experiments, but I could only get one reply from her, that she was entirely ignorant of the whole subject.

All she could tell me of the night in the laboratory was this. She remembered my igniting the spirits of wine in the chafing-dish, and then coming forward to dim the

light in the lamp. She recollected also that as I lowered the flame she saw Antonio step up noiselessly behind me; he had a mask or respirator on the lower part of his face. She then saw him distinctly pour a few drops from a phial into the chafing-dish, and she remembered that the flame changed from violet to a deep rose color. All this occupied only a few seconds, after which the Italian stepped backwards into the shadow, holding out his arms towards her, as if making mesmeric passes. She remembered nothing more.

Her story never varied: but I could not help thinking it was the result of an overheated imagination; yet the fact that she had shown herself perfectly acquainted with the science of chemistry, and with our intricate experiments, remained deeply rooted in my mind. I could not think of it without a feeling of mysterious awe.

I went out of town for a few days with Louisa, and on my return I visited the laboratory. I found Maffi in the study, leisurely engaged in perusing a manuscript copy of one of Geber's mystic works on alchemy. On my asking him how matters were progressing, he told me that at present they were stationary. He was and had been waiting for me for some time.

"And now," he continued, looking at me intently, "let me impress upon you once more that if we are to gain our ends we must work with heart and soul in our work. Are you tired of it? Shall we give it up, and throw all our labors to the winds?"

"I will never give up the search," I replied; "latterly I have not been with you as much as I desired, but somehow it appears to me as if our investigations were all fraught with evil results to—to—to one whom I love—"

"A coward easily peoples the dark with difficulties," he sneered.

"I am no coward," answered I, warmly, "nor will I permit you to taunt me with such a name." I saw his eyes flashing as I spoke. "I care nothing for your sneers," I continued, "and I should never have experienced them if it had not been that ever since the last night I spent with you in yonder laboratory, I have feared for the happiness—nay, for the life—of one whose life and happiness are dearer to me than—"

"Peace, idiot!" he exclaimed, in a tone

and with a gesture that made me start back. "Peace! Do you think I am blind, and that I have not noted everything that has occurred? Do you think I was not listening to every word *SHE* uttered on that night? Who, think you, was it that made *her* speak? Who drew from her the secret knowledge of *her* inner spirit?"

As he spoke he rose up to his full height, his eyes sparkling and flashing, while I almost crouched into a seat under his impetuous bearing.

"Listen," he continued, scarcely less calmly; "it was not long after I met *HER*—you know whom I mean—that I discovered I had encountered no ordinary being. I read it in the deep glow of her brown eyes. I read there that in her inmost soul lay the secret which I was striving for, and which you were longing for. I loved her—I told you I loved her—but I loved science more. If I had gained her, the Great Secret would even now have been mine; but she is yours, and all is left with you—all to lose, or all to gain."

Since the time when my wife declared that she was in a trance and utterly ignorant of all she had uttered in the laboratory, an unacknowledged dread had possessed me that the Italian had a strong influence over her mental powers, and the words he now spoke confirmed my suspicion.

I know now also he must have exerted a power over me that subdued me almost to servility when in his presence. Whence otherwise could have come that strange mixture of abhorrence and attachment which I always felt in his company?

I listened to his harangue in amazement, and then asked him, in a faltering voice, how he could possibly suppose that Louisa was able to comprehend the secret of our search.

He smiled—his deathlike smile—and drew from his bosom a small phial of cut crystal, silver-clasped and containing a bright amber-colored liquid. It was about three parts full.

"Bright, translucent, and harmless though it looks, there is nothing more powerful, more deadly than the poison this phial contains. I tell you this in order that there may be no secrets between us. Five years ago it was given to me in Rome, by one who had chosen for his study the direct action of poisons on the physical and mental powers. He

is dead now, but this secret of his is alive with me.

"If a few drops of this potent poison volatilized are inhaled by any one, a dull faintness immediately ensues. Ha! I saw you start. You are right, though, you *have* breathed it. Listen! Under that faintness, if the organization is of the character I desire, I can draw out the inner secrets of the soul, by the influence of a powerful exertion of will."

How I sat there and listened to his fiendish words I cannot tell. I seemed under a spell, but I listened to him attentively and in silence. He went on:—

"I found in the signora, your wife, a mind of the most sensitive and impressible kind. What I had long suspected I proved the other night, and you yourself must have seen that, under the influence of only a few drops of this elixir, I was able to make her disclose, in an instant, truths that might have taken us months to discover. Notwithstanding its seemingly baneful effects you perceive you feel no ill effects after inhaling it, and the signora, your wife, though slightly overcome at the time, is now as well and as lovely as ever. See, there she is under the trees in the garden."

I looked from the window and saw Louisa walking slowly along one of the paths. She looked exquisitely beautiful, but as I gazed I felt surrounded by an atmosphere of mystery and terror. The Italian continued speaking earnestly, and I listened to him moodily, while the serpent of ambition quietly coiled itself round my heart.

He pointed out to me, with great force, that the object of our pursuit was now in my grasp. He made light of my hesitation, and laughed at my fears. Never venture, never win, was the theme of his discourse, to which he constantly returned. As I have observed, an atmosphere of mystery seemed round me—I was bewildered. I longed, with all the desire in my being to possess the great secret now within my reach, but I dreaded hurting a hair of my young wife's head. I was silent.

The demon Maffi saw my weakness and indecision in a moment. His words seemed absolutely to creep insidiously into my brain. He pointed out that the present time—that very instant—was the proper time for exerting the new power we possessed.

O Heaven! How can I live to think of it now? That I—I who loved her so dearly—should have gone out to her there,—in that still summer afternoon, among the flowers, and have led her into the dark, hateful shadow of that cursed room. Everything appears to me now more like a dream than a reality.

But it was done. Again, she was sitting on the couch by the window and talking with me, while the subtle Italian again glided noiselessly about the room.

Without seeing him I was conscious he had ignited the spirits of wine and had poured the deadly drops into the flame. I knew it by the faint rosy glow and a delicate perfume like that of jasmin pervading the apartment.

I hastily placed a small respirator containing an antidote, which Maffi had forced upon me, over my face, and with a mind torn by conflicting emotions, I watched the result.

My wife's face turned to an ashy paleness, and she darted one look at me full of pity, anger, and surprise. I shall never forget that look. It rises up before me in the solemn dead of night, and will haunt me to my death. But it lasted only for an instant. She rose quickly, and again, with that unnatural air of contemptuous authority, passed across the room. She examined all the apparatus and every particular of our process, as far as Antonio had completed them. She expressed her approval of what we had done haughtily,—in such a manner as an empress might speak to her slaves. For a few moments she appeared lost in thought, and then retired slowly towards the table. She sat down again, leaning her head upon her hand, and gazing straight forward with a listless expression.

Although diffused daylight, mingled with the red glow from the tripod, spread through the room, yet I had never distinguished the form of Maffi. He either kept behind me, or else in the darker parts of the laboratory. Without seeing him, I now felt his hot breath on my cheek, as I leaned over Louisa, and I heard his hateful whisper in my ear.

"Speak to her now—ask her for the secret that we long to know—time is passing."

I did speak to her, but she gently put my hand from her and motioned me to be silent. She still gazed forward fixedly into vacancy.

A minute or two elapsed in profound si-

lence, until the Italian again muttered his request angrily in my ear. Trembling with anxiety and fear I spoke to her once more, but she did not seem to heed me. Urged on by Maffi's whispered solicitations, I begged, I entreated, I threw myself at her feet and prayed that she would speak to me. I spoke wildly, but she sat pale and unheeding, until at last she turned her white face languidly towards me and essayed to speak once or twice. Her face had in it the look of death, but my heart was callous. I saw one bright flash in her eyes, and then she fell forward and down on the floor lifeless at my side.

I was stunned and paralyzed, but was roused by the maddening sound of the Italian's laugh. In an instant I sprung from the

earth and seized him by the throat, but his hand was upon me like a vice. We struggled long and violently. Ah! how I longed to kill him; but his strength overcame me, and he dashed me with tremendous force to the ground.

Long afterwards I awoke, in the darkness, from a deep swoon—awoke to find myself alone among the ruins of my wild hopes and ambitious dreams; alone in my bitterness and despair; alone—and yet not alone, for stretching out my arms I felt the dead, cold hand of my young wife who lay by my side a corpse, in the gloom and stillness of that awful night.

A. G. G.

**A** *Fac-simile of the Original Autograph Manuscript of Gray's Elegy.* Photographed by Messrs. Cundall, Downes, and Co. Low, Son, and Co.

THERE is an autograph copy of Gray's Elegy at Pembroke House, Cambridge, made by the author from the complete poem for the use of friends. But the famous MS. here perfectly reproduced in photograph, to the very color of the ink, the blots and stains and creases, by Messrs. Cundall and Downes, was a copy that Gray himself must have carried about before the last touches had been put to it, and while yet the "mute inglorious Milton" was a "mute inglorious Tully," and the Cromwell was a "Cæsar guiltless of his country's blood." From the version here published in fac-simile, lines were omitted and words changed. In not a few places there is an undetermined choice of words set down to await further consideration. Horace Walpole in 1751 published the poem in a six-penny quarto at Gray's request, without author's name, to forestall its transfer out of tea-table into public life by the *Magazine of Magazines*. And "if," said Gray, "you would add line or two to say it came into your hands by accident, I should like it better." The valuable MS., wholly contained on the four sides of a sheet of letter paper, came into the hand of the gentleman who has procured its photograph for the public, by no private accident but in the most public way. It was among the papers bequeathed by Gray to Mason, who left them to Mr. Bright, his curate. By the curate's son they were sold in 1845, and this was bought for a hundred pounds by Mr. Penn, of the Manor House, Stoke Pogis. Nine years afterwards it came again to the hammer, when the present possessor, Mr. R. C. Wrightson, bought it for £131. Its exact likeness, neatly mounted on

drawing paper, and contained within a folio of explanatory text, is now to be had for half-a-guinea, and as a dainty present its place is with the most welcome publications of the season.—*Examiner.*

**A** *Charge delivered to the Clergy and Churchwardens of his Diocese of Lincoln, in October, 1861.* By John Jackson, D.D., Bishop of Lincoln. W. Skiffington.

On the whole, Dr. Jackson takes a hopeful view of the future destinies of the Church of England, and while regretting that such a work as the "Essays and Reviews" should have been written by clergymen, is disposed to regard as a healthy sign the widespread interest and astonishment it excited. He admits that the High Church movement, though carried too far, did good service in stirring up the clergy and the people, and in introducing a more careful and reverential performance of divine service. With his own diocese in general he is well satisfied, except with the unfrequent administration of the Holy Communion.—*Spectator.*

*The Shadow of the Almighty.* By Newman Hall, LL.B. James Nisbet and Co.

THE purport of this well-intentioned little pamphlet is apparently to urge the weary and wayworn to rest and take shelter "under the shadow of the Almighty." It is, in fact, a meditation on Psalm XCI.—*Spectator*

THE  
BY T  
DEN  
ALL  
LA  
trag  
July  
of t  
read  
of C  
class  
Bha  
Gen  
gin,  
lieve  
a te  
brie  
peop  
the  
Bha  
mon  
enc  
am  
pro  
ver  
and  
em  
sort  
the  
aeq  
and  
cal  
som  
rifi  
agi  
eng  
Th  
of  
the  
wa  
the  
Tr  
ca  
an  
agi  
be  
fr  
ov  
ev  
pr  
fe  
re  
sc

From The United Service Magazine.

THE BHATS AND CHARONS OF GUZRAT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF " NARRATIVE OF A RESIDENCE AT THE COURT OF HIS HIGHNESS MEER ALI MOORAD."

LATE accounts from India mention a very tragical event which took place on the 22nd July last, at Nuriad, in the Kair Collectorate of the Bombay Presidency. Such of our readers as are acquainted with the provinces of Guzrat and Kattywar, will remember a class of persons in those provinces called Bhats and Charons, or hereditary Bards and Genealogists, who boast of their celestial origin, and would seem very generally to believe it themselves, but as such provinces are a *terra incognita* to the public at large, a brief sketch of the customs peculiar to those people is essential to the comprehension of the sad occurrence to which we refer. The Bhats and Charons have from time immemorial exercised most extraordinary influence on the wild and ignorant population amongst whom they dwell, the more so, probably, as the men are in some degree versed in the sacred books of the Hindoos, and profess to understand the rites and ceremonies which propitiate Siva and his consort Parvati, their favorite deities; they further add to their other means of influence an acquaintance with the genealogies of chiefs and tribes. These people have a custom called Traga, or the infliction of self-wounds, sometimes even unto death, as also the sacrifice of relations, to force the persons against whom the Traga is directed to fulfil engagements made under their guarantee. This forms a peculiar feature in the manners of the Bhats and Charons, amongst whom there is a deep impression that to be in any way instrumental in shedding the blood of their sacred race by forcing them to perform Traga in redemption of a pledge, or for other cause, will bring certain destruction, or at any rate, the most dire misfortunes on him against whom the Traga is directed. In this belief the Bhats and Charons are brought up from their earliest childhood, being moreover taught not merely to hold themselves ever ready to part with life if requisite to preserve the honor of their caste, but to feel such an especial honor; and it is on record that "from the feeble female of four-score, to the child of five years of age, they are eager to be the first to die," and this, it

is added, is no rare feeling, but one which appears to belong to every individual of this singular community, whose persons are thus held sacred by the Rajpoots and Kattys, and who, as family priests and astrologers, have been from the earliest ages allowed peculiar immunities. With these preparatory remarks we shall now give the particulars of the sad affair at Nuriad, which seems to have been the most fearful Traga that has occurred for very many years past. The Bhats and Charons have, it seems, enjoyed, from the remotest antiquity, exemption from every kind of taxation, both local and imperial, and having lately been called on to contribute income-tax, in common with the rest of Her Majesty's subjects in India, they considered themselves grievously wronged by such an encroachment on their rights and privileges. Under this impression they refused payment of the obnoxious impost, but as the assessor of the district considered them liable to the tax, notices were served upon them, which led to petitions on the part of the Bhats, to the officers employed to carry out the Income-tax Act, respectfully, though firmly, urging that their forefathers, from time immemorial, and themselves, had been exempt from all taxes, and very earnestly praying that the petitioners might be exempt from the operation of the Act. Unhappily their petitions were not attended to, and the assessor made out an assessment list against those whom he considered liable, and excusing others. The list was submitted to the special officer, who, it is alleged, without making any inquiry, assessed most of the Bhats in sums varying from four to six rupees each per annum, making the total assessment of the village about four hundred and fifty rupees. Accordingly, payment of the tax was demanded in the usual manner, but the Bhats refused to pay, as they considered the demand of the obnoxious impost a violation of their rights from time immemorial established. On this it was deemed proper to enforce payment by the assistance of the Superintendent of Police with his mounted corps, who were consequently in attendance. At this the Bhats became exasperated, and prepared for resistance by Traga, under the impression that it would be better to sacrifice their lives than to submit to dishonor, by the violation of their rights and privileges. But previous to the

adoption of extreme measures, they respectfully addressed the Superintendent of Police, entreating him to preserve inviolate their privilege of exemption from taxation. Under the impression that the suppliants were giving way, Captain Nuttal, the Superintendent of Police, threatened them the more, and his men succeeded in disarming a few of the Bhats, who, with knives in their hands, were forward in opposing the levy. Then the storm arose, for, grown desperate at what they saw was inevitable, the remaining Bhats, about two thousand in number, commenced cutting and stabbing themselves with their kuttars or kreeses, some in their faces, some in their chests or arms, others in their legs, all the while casting imprecations on the officers employed in the collection of the income-tax, and bespattering them with, as they said, their "innocent blood." Some of these misguided men were apprehended on the spot, but this made matters worse, as their wives and other female members of their families rushed out with frantic cries, and began cutting and gashing their own persons with a view to inspire the authorities with pity. In these desperate attempts, several Bhats of either sex lost their lives, and numbers were grievously injured, before the tumult could be quelled. So terrible a Traga as this had not indeed occurred for many years, and it is much to be lamented that precautionary measures were not adopted for its prevention.

Those unacquainted with the Bhats and Charons can hardly imagine what they are capable of under the influence of their extraordinary superstitions; and the people of Guzrat and Kattywar, from the powerful chief to the most barbarous and faithless freebooter and Coolie, under dread of the consequences of urging the Bhat or Charon to such fearful extremes as they are capable of, coupled with the belief of their divine origin, all submit to this wonderful influence. No Rajpoot or Katty will, indeed, ever undertake any act of importance without first consulting his personal conscience keeper, for the Bhats and Charons are family priests and astrologers, as well as Bards and Genealogists. They undertake to become security for money, for a very trifling per centage, and this sometimes to an enormous amount; they also become what is called *Feil Zamin* or security for good behavior,

and *Hazir Zamin*, or security for appearance. These securities are taken by Government from the chiefs in addition to *Arr Zamin*, or counter security. The personal security of Bhats and Charons is considered the best that can be had, as no instance is on record of one of them forfeiting his pledge, although to redeem that pledge, may have compelled him to immolate a beloved child, or otherwise do violence to his own tenderest affections. Of this abundant instances are on record, and from these we shall select a few as illustrative of our statement.

In 1806, a Bhat of Veweingaum, named Kunna, became security in a large amount to the Guicowar's Government, for Dosajee, the chieftain of Mallia. When the time for payment arrived, the chieftain being unprepared or unwilling to pay, the Government came down upon the Zamin or Munotedar for the amount. The Zamin going down to the chieftain, repeatedly besought him in the most moving terms to act up to his engagement, but to no avail, for the chieftain, a hard selfish man, was obdurate. Heart-broken the unfortunate Bhat went home, and shutting himself up alone, passed a considerable time in prayer, and then assembling his family, communicated to them the sad necessity of sacrificing his little daughter in redemption of his pledge to the sovereign, and directed his wife to prepare the child for Traga. The mother, though doatingly fond of her child, as, indeed, both parents were, knowing that remonstrance could be of no avail, informed the child of her father's order. The sweet innocent, who had been taught from earliest infancy to reflect on the sacred character and divine origin of her family, and the necessity which existed for the sacrifice, required no compulsion to obey the decree by which the honor of her caste was to be preserved. Having bathed and dressed herself in her best clothes, she went to her father, and smiling, knelt down, laid her head upon his knee, and holding aside her long hair, resigned herself, not only without a struggle, but with looks of dutious love to the sword of her unnatural parent. The blood of the hapless victim was then sprinkled on the gate of the chieftain, who, horrified at the blood of a Bhat having been spilt on his account, whereby himself and family were threatened with the most

dreadful misfortunes, instantaneously paid the money due, presented a valuable jagheer, or freehold estate to the father, and erected a splendid doree, or mausoleum, over the remains of this poor little victim to a most barbarous superstition.

Another instance is recorded of a Charon having actually slain his own mother, to deter a chieftain from appropriating some ground that belonged to him.

Todd mentions a Traga in the courtyard of the palace of one of the Rajpoot sovereigns, in which either seventy or eighty victims were sacrificed at one time, but this was in the olden days when Tragas were frequent; however, Captain McMurdo, resident at Augur, relates that so lately as 1814, the practice of Traga was carried to a terrible extent in the country between Guzerah and the Indus, which was then much infested by plunderers, and when any property belonging to Bhats or Charons was carried off, the owners tracked the plunderers to their village, and in failure of the restoration of their cattle, Traga was at once resolved on, and the heads of several of their aged people were cut off, which at once had the desired effect of producing restoration. On one occasion four Bhats, to enforce a payment, spitted themselves in a string upon the same spear, which passed through their necks.

On another, a Bhat dressed in a garment of quilted cotton steeped in oil, set fire to it at the bottom, and then dancing before the person against whom the Traga was directed continued to do so until he dropped dead, without groan or cry. Even a lad of fourteen was seen by the resident at Augur, with a spear-blade pushed through both cheeks as a Traga for the purpose of recovering a debt from a Rajpoot, and when the Traga had taken effect, and the blade had to be removed, it had become so rusty and was so firmly fixed, that the father was forced to place his knees on the boy's head and drag the spear out by main force. On the resident asking the boy if it pained him much, he said "yes," but added, "that he did not cry out, as if he had done so it would have been no Traga;" indeed, if he had shown any symptoms of pain, he should have been deservedly laughed at by the person against whom he was acting, and ever afterwards have been consid-

ered as a useless wretch, unworthy of the name of Charon.

The foregoing illustrations of the practice are, however, extreme cases; for Traga, as generally performed, extends no further than a cut on the arm with the kuttar or kreese to compel payment of money, for which the Bhat or Charon has become responsible, or to deter robbers from plundering a traveller under his protection. Europeans naturally shudder at such savage practices, but, at the same time, they appear by no means ill suited to the state of society where they were employed in districts and amongst people who were totally uncurbed by law, and could only be restrained by working on their superstition. The kuttar or kreese, a double-edged dagger, is the insignia of the Charon or Bhat, and fifty years ago no traveller could venture to journey through Kattywar unattended by one of these people, who for a small consideration was satisfied to pledge himself to conduct the traveller in safety, or sacrifice his own life. These guards are called Wollawars, and they hesitate not to inflict on themselves grievous stabs, ultimately even unto death, should the robbers persist in plundering those under their protection; but this is seldom necessary, as the most barbarous Coolies and Kattys hold sacred the persons of Bhats and Charons, thus it is hardly surprising that these people should imagine themselves a privileged race, and claim rights, or fancied rights, even from Europeans.

The women of the Bhats and Charons are clothed in flowing robes, of a dark color; their dress consists of a gogra or petticoat, made very full; the neck covered with a choolee, which descends below the hips, and covers the stomach, but is open behind, where it is fastened with two strings; a wide muslin scarf attached to the gogra passes round the body and over the head, completely concealing the wearer from view. These women wear few ornaments, as deeming such inconsistent with their sacred character; but they are not restrained from appearing in the presence of strangers, thus in passing through one of their villages the fair sex often appear *en masse*, invoking blessings on the stranger's head (in hopes of a consideration), by joining the backs of

their hands and cracking their knuckles over his head in that position.

Whilst upon the subject of the Charons we shall here say a few words regarding the Kattys, with whom they are so intimately allied. The Kattys or inhabitants of Katty-war, are undoubtedly a fine people, and possessed of energy and courage superior to most oriental nations. In stature they frequently exceed six feet, with bony and athletic frames; many of them have blue eyes and fair hair and complexions, but the expression of their countenance is far from pleasing. Their dress is peculiar—the turban, formed of loose twists of muslin, is tied on the head to a great height; their sleeves are proportioned in length to the rank of the wearer, occasionally three times the length of the body, and pushed up in folds along the arm. The Katty shoe is a curiosity—it is made of soft leather, and being stuffed with cotton is pleasant to the foot, and over this there is a strong outer leather highly ornamented, and the point turning up perpendicularly to the knee, and quite stiff, terminates in points of loose leather, cut to resemble the beak of a bird. These preposterous ornaments being however found

in the way are generally cut off by the lower orders. The Kattys are excellent horsemen, and they possess the finest breed of horses in India; mares are preferred by them, as being considered more tractable than horses, and capable of enduring greater fatigue. The mare of a Katty is one of his family, she lives under the same roof, is fed out of his hand, and is thus familiarized and obedient to her master's voice in all situations. The horses of this people are never shod, but their hoofs are so tough and excellent that they travel with speed over the most stony ground without injury. The Charons are all horse-dealers and horse-fanciers; indeed, the reciprocal attachment between them and their mares is something extraordinary.

The Bhats are more immediately connected with the Rajpoots, and the Charons with the Kattys. The two castes will eat of each other's food, but never intermarry. Of the Charons there are two principal tribes, the one called Nesai, who are public carriers, and live in camp with their cattle; the other, called Goojer, who reside in cities, and occupy themselves as merchants. The widows of both are permitted to marry.

*Punch.* Vols. VIII. and IX. January to December, 1845. Bradbury and Evans.

To future historians *Punch* will be an invaluable accessory in illustrating not only the humors and follies of the age, but also the under-current of political events. How vividly do the passions and turmoils of the period recur to one's memory on glancing over these volumes. And how few of the principal characters therein ridiculed or commemorated, survive at the present moment. Sir Robert Peel, the Duke of Wellington, Sir James Graham, and Dan O'Connell, again and again offer their "counterfeit presentations" to view. The poet Bunn, poor Jullien, and Mr. Silk Buckingham with his British and Foreign Destitute, also come in for their share of Mr. *Punch*'s delicate attentions. Nor must the Great Unaccountable, Alderman Gibbs, be forgotten. Lord Brougham's well-known caricature turns up in almost every number, and scarcely less favor is shown to Lord John, the present Earl Russell. Mr. Disraeli, too, was then uttering his bitter invectives against a far wiser statesman and truer patriot than himself. Foreign politics attracted but little attention in comparison with the great

free-trade struggle that was threatening to convulse the kingdom, though once or twice the eye alights upon the well-remembered toupet of the Citizen King. In that year took place the memorable visit to Tréport, precursor of the more memorable visit to Paris after Mr. Smith and his umbrella had been wellnigh forgotten. As to the letter-press, *Punch* of 1861, is unworthy to hold a candle to the *Punch* of 1845. "The Caudle Lectures," "Our Fat Contributor," and "Mr. Jeames's Diary," kept the British public in roars of laughter, in spite of Capel Court and its "stags" and swindlers. King Hudson was then at the zenith of his notoriety, and was even more talked of than Colonel Sibthorpe. "Shall Cromwell have a Statue?" was, however, the real "question" of the day, and one that produced quite as much excitement as Prince Albert's shako. In short, we are here presented with the most complete phantasmagoria of 1845 that can possibly be imagined, and the effect of turning over these pages is something akin to what a humorous madman might be supposed to feel in striving to recall his reminiscences of that period.—*Spectator.*

On the  
time  
Ba  
Un  
Bo  
Or  
print  
Mag  
a re  
some  
the a  
the  
losoph  
of A  
he  
men  
bad  
redu  
the s  
sion  
all t  
vices  
the  
plem  
But  
prod  
man  
wom  
thou  
refer  
char  
than  
of w  
Ove  
mig  
vari  
they  
tion  
phre  
have  
to u  
scien  
brou  
Be  
sha  
sider  
"it  
mor  
befor  
ent  
by a  
clas  
is in

From The Examiner.

*On the Study of Character, including an Estimate of Phrenology.* By Alexander Bain, A.M. Professor, of Logic in the University of Aberdeen. Parker, Son, and Bourn.

ONE-HALF of this book has already been printed in a series of contributions to *Fraser's Magazine*; the other half is little else than a repetition, sometimes with more brevity, sometimes with more fulness, of portions of the author's earlier works. But, as a whole, the work breaks almost new ground in philosophy. Theophrastus, the friend and pupil of Aristotle, wrote a clever book, in which he delineated thirty characters or sorts of men; but his classification was altogether bad. Some parts were treated with great redundancy, while many obvious divisions of the subject were omitted. There was omission, indeed, of everything good and honest, all the portraits being drawn from men's vices or weaknesses. La Bruyère translated the "Characters" of Theophrastus, and supplemented them with a collection of his own. But he erred more even than his master, producing simply a satire on the whole of mankind, and on some classes of men and women in particular. Better worth reading, though not so famous in their day, and not referred to by Mr. Bain, were the English character books of a period a little earlier than La Bruyère's. From the genial essays of writers like Bishop Hall or Sir Thomas Overbury or Bishop Earl, our forefathers might draw much kindly knowledge of the various moods of human nature, although they affected nothing like scientific instruction. That affectation was reserved for the phrenologists, whose errors Mr. Bain might have left quietly to die, had he not wished to use the few solid bases of their pseudoscience as stepping-stones to a truer and broader philosophy.

But let not phrenology be mulcted of its share of praise. "Notwithstanding its one-sidedness," says its last and kindest critic, "it has done good service by showing with more emphasis than had ever been done before that human beings are widely different in their mental tastes and aptitudes, and by affording a scheme for representing and classifying the points of character, which is in many respects an improvement upon

the common mode of describing individual differences."

Believers in phrenology, content to exhibit busts adorned with curious lines and colors, and to feel for corresponding peculiarities in the human head, have almost ceased arrogating for their hobby a rank above that accorded to metaphysical research. With that view, however, it was started. In it, thought its founders, was contained the solution of the riddle which had occupied philosophers from Aristotle downwards. By it for the first time was given a true account of the brain's influence on mental life, of the elementary faculties and feelings of the mind, and therewith of the one complete theory of human character. Mr. Bain, following up the arguments adduced by Mr. Bailey in his "Letters on the Human Mind," shows how utterly untenable is the claim of phrenology to be regarded as a science of mind. Beyond vague assertions, which if true would force us to the grossest materialism, it says nothing to indicate the real confirmation of the soul, the sensations and emotions, the wishes and thoughts which make up our spiritual life. At best it affords only empirical views of those outward movements of the mind which constitute the science of character.

In calling attention to these movements phrenologists have been of use. Undoubtedly they are right in finding evidence of mental powers in the modifications of various parts of the brain. But then it must be remembered that, while these distinctions may be made from observation of any other portion of the bodily system. Because the brain is the chief centre of mental activity, and because the nerve-currents of that activity are most finely developed in the parts nearest to the centre, examination of a man's head may help us to know what is his frame of mind. But much of this knowledge is not to be predicated of the brain alone. Light shines to us from the eye, and truth is written in the curl of the lip. There is utterance of character in every movement of the hand, and in every tread of the foot. Not only can we tell whether, on particular occasions, a man is pleased or angry, hopeful or desponding: in his gait and aspect there is permanent token of the kindliness or

wrathfulness, the hope or despondency prominent in his nature. It was but half in burlesque that some years ago there was invented a science of "nosology," purporting to deduct a man's whole temperament from the study of his nose. There is a measure of truth even in the pretensions of those quacks who undertake, on the receipt of thirteen postage-stamps, to tell any one's character from his handwriting; and a little of reason also was in the old science of chiromancy, the starting-point of the gypsy's trade of fortune-telling by observing the shape and configuration of the hand. Phrenology is better than all these, and if its votaries are content to place it in the same category with them, solid good may result from their studies, just as already sound encouragement to one branch of mental science has come from its erroneous classification of the primitive faculties of the mind.

Of these faculties—split up into nine propensities, twelve sentiments, and fourteen intellectual properties—Mr. Bain gives a more careful and generous criticism than we should have thought them entitled to receive. He shows how their arrangement is confused and illogical, how numerous secondary effects are regarded as final, and how several modifications of character have no provision made for them. There is very inadequate account taken of the vocal powers, as represented in the structure of the head. The temperaments aroused by touch, smell, and taste, are not included, and to those connected with hearing very incomplete reference is made. No justice is done to sympathy or love of truth, and in giving one title of ideality to the numerous susceptibilities to beauty, whether in art or in poetry, there is grave error.

Professor Bain's own classification of the elements of human character is very different, and far more philosophical. The mind's action, he teaches, being volitional, emotional, and intellectual, it is clear that its character is evinced in each mode of activity. Apart from any stimulation of the feelings or any studied movement of thought, there is an inborn tendency to action, which should be taken as the basis of all the variations of temperament in both man and beast. This is partly muscular, but chiefly nervous. The man of most muscle is often not the strongest man, even from a physical point

of view. The energy by which the mere power of limb is put to use flows through the nerves, and according to its will, irrespective of the emotion or the intelligence by which he may be swayed, we estimate the man's primary character. One person is by nature active, vivacious, and enterprising; another is languid, indifferent, and reluctant. It is the same with masses of men. In Europeans there is more energy than in Asiatics, and Englishmen take the lead in modern Europe, just as the Romans did in former days.

Superior to the fundamental property of the constitution, the machinery of action without reference to objects, is the emotional temperament. Like the other, it is partly made up of strictly physical material, but often it excels most where the energy is weakest. In women it is far stronger than in men, and those women have it least who have or gain most likeness to the other sex. Fat men possess it richly. The best historical type of the emotional character, says Mr. Bain, was Charles James Fox. Round in his person, full of an intense enjoyment of life, violent in his expressions of liking and dislike, a marvellous lover of company, of play, of recreative reading, and of every other exercise of untrained feeling and unbridled power, he was psychologically no less than politically the converse of Pitt, a man endowed with a singularly dry, hard intellect, but with the scantiest proportion of sentiment.

Of this emotional character there are many divisions. The humblest sort is that dependent on simple muscular exercise, shown in the enjoyment of gymnastic movements, of a brisk walk or of a fox hunt. Next, according to Mr. Bain's classification, is the amorous sentiment, which, parted from the intellectual and higher emotional tendencies that give it beauty, is lower in nature than the simple love of eating and drinking. Justice is seldom done by philosophers to what is here called "alimentary sensibility," the due regard to digestion and nutrition, to the preserving and improving of the entire tone of animal life. It differs essentially from taste; which has its own share in the formation of a man's character, and is on a par with the other special senses, smell, touch, hearing, and sight. There is no limit to the influences coming to us

through the eye, whether it be adapted to form and movement, or to color and its harmonies. Other influences reach us through emotions which are not sensations. Wonder, most prominent in children and savages, stamps the character of many all through their lives. More notable is the feeling of terror, as the tyrant over multitudes, and only properly destroyed by the acquirement of that noblest courage, which is animal and intellectual, no less than emotional. Linked with courage as closely in psychological grouping as in the events of daily life is the apparently different emotion of tenderness and affection, whether felt for animals and plants or shown to the fellow-beings most nearly bound to us. In another category is love of self, within measure a necessary and a noble sentiment, and only bad when it sinks into self-complacency, or rises to vanity, or branches out as an undue love of power, often identical with love of tyranny. Tyranny begets wrath, of which the main element is a mere pleasure of malevolence, and against which the true safeguard is the cultivation of the noblest of all emotions, that of sympathy, the power by which we joy with those who joy and weep with those who weep.

Higher than emotion, however, in the formation of character is intelligence. The feelings are only half capable of training; a wise man can develop his intellect almost without limit. Under three divisions are comprehended the distinguishing properties of the mind. It can discriminate; it can retain; it can identify. Discrimination grows with the use of our faculties. One whose business it is to taste wines gains a marvellous susceptibility of palate. A chemist can detect the subtlest properties by the sense of smell. A practised hand can almost dispense with weights and measures; and where, as in the case of blind people, most burden lies on the power of touch, no work is too minute, no form too delicate, to be traced by the unaided hand. The ear, the eye, and the vocal organs have still larger scope for increase and refinement by means of discrimination. Built on discrimination is retentiveness. No one can remember a melody who has not first listened to it attentively. The artist's skill in the discernment of endless varieties of form and color is of little use to him unless

he can take hold of his impressions and fix them on the canvas. Without retentiveness no language, not even a mother tongue, could be learnt. But neither discrimination nor retentiveness are sufficient for the full growth of intellect. Its grandest power is in identification, the ability to link like with like, in spite of accompanying diversities, and notwithstanding the separations of time and space. "A retentive mind is measured by the rapidity shown in making acquisitions, by the fewness of the repetitions, stimulants not being employed, that are requisite to cement a firm connection between a number of distinct impressions. The identifying mind, on the other hand, is proved by the number of occasions where an identity too faint or too disguised to be apprehended by men in general, makes itself felt by a stroke of recall."

Intelligence is often displayed most strongly where emotion has least sway. The philosophers of old—Socrates and Plato, Aristotle and Archimedes—are famous for their slight susceptibility to the common feelings of mankind; and Bacon is not the only holder of a kingly intellect who seemed to have no heart at all, and in whom wonderful grandeur of thought was joined to a strange meanness of action. But emotion is never wholly absent, and many men have an even balance of the two constituents of character. Intellect also shows itself in the senses, and in their use it is hard to separate exactly between it and emotion. Taste and smell have little intellectual capacity, but it is widely shown in sight and hearing. To the artist, the poet, the naturalist, and the architect, the optical sense, revealing form to some and color to others, opens broad channels of communication between the mind and the outer world. The musical sense, the sense of cadence in elocution, and the sense of articulate form, are three great sorts of capability possessed in various degree by all who speak or sing, and all who hear. Courage is a finely complicated element of character. Animal courage, the mere strength of limb and bodily fitness, endurance of evils seen or unseen—emotional courage, the overthrow of the excitement of fear by exciting thoughtfulness, self-esteem, generosity, or patriotism—and intellectual courage, the calm balancing of the advantages and du-

ties, with the perils and misfortunes belonging to the strife—all go to the making of a truly brave man.

Intellect should be always the guide of emotion, and memory—of which, according to Hobbes, hope is an outgrowth—should be its constant instrument. If men would only remember what things in former cases have brought them pain, and whence have come their greatest pleasures, there would be a universal prudence. In some cases people are anxiously imprudent. Few pains are more grievous than toothache; yet few people take any precaution against it. No one is without knowledge of the disastrous issue of evil life, yet experience must repeat its lessons many times, and there must be numberless repentings of sin before most men bring themselves to live with persistent uprightness. The gaining of the steadiness

of purpose, the firmness of life, which procures happiness in things little and great, is the grandest work of the intellect in governing the world of self. There is one grander work open to it, just as a truer wealth is ours when we give to others than when we take for ourselves, so prudence is a less noble property of soul than sympathy. To the emotional part of sympathy we have already referred. It is for intellect to train the emotion, and raise it to a heavenly dignity. To adapt all the powers of mind to the effecting of some high purpose for the good of others was the effort of such a man as Howard. It was the perfect achievement of him whose birth we at this season celebrate with some of our actions, and desire to celebrate by daily effort to approach through Him to the ideal of human character.

¶ THERE never was, and probably never will be, a more interesting subject of political study than the present condition of America. Every problem of the past, and every political difficulty of the present, is there working itself out visibly before our eyes. Evils which have perplexed the nations since the dawn of history demand their instant removal, while every form of government from mob-rule to the closest oligarchy is asserting by force its right, not only to exist, but to become supreme. The comparative force of democracy and aristocracy, their relative power of remedying discovered mischiefs, their ultimate tendencies, and their common evils, are exhibited on a scale and with a rapidity which affords to mankind the opportunity of a political education such as it has not enjoyed since Greece was submerged under the Roman wave. And, amidst all these difficulties, the American people alone in history have to work out, not in the course of ages but at once, the problem which is older than any form of government now in existence, the extinction of human slavery.—*Spectator*, 28 Dec.

*Poems.* By Rev. T. H. Stockton, Chaplain to Congress. William S. & Alfred Martien, Philadelphia.

THIS little volume has three divisions, Rhythm, Rhyme, and Hymns, in all of which will be found much that is characteristic of its well-known author. A patient reader will fall upon many pleasant passages, sometimes highly poetic in conception and finished in form; and always pervaded with the geniality and good-

nature, the reverent faith and love for the Word, which have made this veteran in the Bible cause so honored through the land. Some of the hymns are graceful, and will eventually find their way into the collections. The book is prettily printed and illustrated. It should be bought and read as a memento of one who has tried to put to good use the gifts with which a generous Providence has endowed him, and done great good in his day. And the quaint autobiography in the Appendix, will make it all the more welcome to those who love him.—*Evangelist*.

**SCOTT'S NOVELS FOR CATHOLICS.**—It is not generally known, we believe, that an expurgated edition of Walter Scott has been published for the benefit of Roman Catholics; but the fact is recorded in the new edition of Feller's "Biographic Universelle," published at Lyons, with a continuation by the Abbé Simonin. "Though Walter Scott," we are told in the notice of his name, "is not a romancer of the dangerous class, he gives, nevertheless, too lively a picture of the passions, and makes frequent attacks on Catholic institutions; this has led D'Exauvillez to undertake a new and abridged translation of his works, in which he has taken care to omit all that is condemnable. This translation is published under the auspices of the Society of St. Nicholas, No. 39 Rue de Sèvres, Paris, and is principally suited for young persons." It will be long, we presume, before there is any English "Family Walter Scott" to take its place by the side of the Family Shakspeare.—*Athenaeum*.

From The Saturday Review.

### RESULTS OF THE FIRST AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

AMONG the popular commonplaces which have usurped the place of political axioms, none is more generally accepted than the profession that, in every respect, the independence of the United States has been a gain and a benefit to Great Britain. It is put forward by grave authors with no less positiveness than by beardless politicians on their maiden hustings, or young writers in their maiden essays, as if it were a maxim that it argued only blind bigotry or stolid obstinacy to controvert. We are told to compare the exports of Great Britain to the United States with the exports to the colonies, old and new, as if that one comparison settled and bounded the whole question of the advantages or disadvantages which resulted from the disruption of the Thirteen British Colonies on the Continent of North America. And yet there are many points of view from which that great historical event may be regarded, besides that which is purely commercial. Looking at the question in all its bearings, moral, social, and political, we may reasonably doubt whether too facile and too credulous an assent has not been given to this allegation. That the material development of the United States has been enhanced and accelerated by their independence is probably true. But whether this development has been beneficial to themselves or to the world at large, may reasonably appear doubtful to any one who has studied their history, their government, their manners, and their dealings with foreign nations. That, under any circumstances, they could have remained for a century longer dependent upon a remote insular power like that of England, may perhaps be regarded as entirely impossible; but that a longer connection with the mother country, followed by a peaceable and pre-arranged separation, would have been eminently salutary to both, seems to us to admit of no doubt.

Generally, we may lay it down as a principle, that colonies are happy and civilized in a direct ratio to the intimacy of their connection with the mother country. The colonies of England are for the most part small antitypes of England. They repeat the constitutional and social forms of the old country with a minute imitation which, in the

smaller and less wealthy dependencies, almost degenerates into caricature, and is not exempt from inconvenience. An Englishman travels abroad with the conviction that in every remote sea, and almost in every strait, he will touch at some cape, continent, or island where the English standard waves, where the English tongue is spoken, where English law is administered, where supplies are voted and enactments passed by a tripartite Legislature, and where the social hierarchy is graduated on a similar scale and governed by similar codes to those which obtain in his native land. That the laws, customs, social instincts, and national feelings of these communities have not been warped into provincialism or hardened into rusticity, is the result of the communication which commerce, adventure, and steam have cemented between England and her forty or fifty colonies. Every year some colony, except the poorest and smallest, attracts to its shores a greater or lesser number of young Englishmen—many of gentle blood—almost all educated, both morally and intellectually, up to a far higher standard than was attainable by the same classes when the States of the North American Republic were colonies of Great Britain. The young lawyer, the young clergyman, sometimes the young merchant or banker—often the young planter—is a member of one of our two ancient universities. Other immigrants, again, who have not had the advantage of a Cambridge or Oxford education, have been trained at the London University, at Edinburgh, at Dublin, or at some of the better of those proprietary schools which are doing for the higher sections of the middle classes that which the great public schools do for the upper classes. Add to these the young military officers fresh from school and English homes, and the Creole youth—who for the most part at the suggestion of wise and liberal governors, and rarely at the instigation of the Downing Street authorities—have been sent for their education to England, or, as they themselves say, with a fond and generous patriotism, “sent home.” Add also another element, important in proportion to its rarity,—the young Creole ladies who have received an education in quiet and elegant English houses,—and it is easy to see why the English type is so visible in the social structure of our colonies. The same effects were

not apparent in America, because the same causes were not in operation there. The emigration to the American colonies was sparse, uncertain, and rarely of a high or very respectable kind. That to the Northern colonies was composed mainly of those whom religious sympathy identified with the descendants of the Puritans—men probably of strong, stern, and strict characters, but of no breadth of moral view, utterly destitute both of secular learning and polite manners, not wholly free from the imputation of hypocrisy, and too often remarkable for very loose commercial ethics. In the South, after the first settlement of the Cavalier colonies, the emigration to them from Europe was scantier than that to those of the North. Except here and there a cadet of the old Cavalier stock, or a youthful adventurer who looked to find in America a field for the display of his energies and courage, which the cessation of great continental wars and the discontinuance of foreign military employment denied to him in Europe, the immigrants into Virginia, Carolina, and latterly into Georgia, were, we fear, men of whose antecedent history their descendants could not be proud. There was no steam in those days. Little was known of America. The little that was reported was not such as to attract colonists from the better portion of society. Moreover, there was not in England that pressure of population or that competition for employment which, at a later period, drove young men of respectable positions to hew down forests, plow virgin land, or open virgin mines. Such hard work too, as was to be done, was, we fear, often done by the hands of white slaves—convicts, at least, little better than slaves in treatment or self-respect, and who met the few black slaves of those days on a footing of equality.

Thus, then, at the beginning of the great revolutionary struggle, the state of American society did not bear to the contemporary state of English society that resemblance which colonial society bears to the English society of the present day. There were, indeed, gentlemen in America equal to any gentlemen in Europe. George Washington was a thorough gentleman. His friend, A. Hamilton, was a gentleman. There were other gentlemen and scholars among the authors and leaders of the Revolution; but

they were too few to impress their own characters and principles on the mass of men by whom they were surrounded and the principles which the Revolution ultimately made supreme in the new Republic unfortunately rendered it impossible that popular respect or popular imitation should be attracted either by gentlemanly manners or gentlemanly attainments.

It is now useless, though not uninteresting, to consider how different might have been the condition of American society and the tone of American manners, had the Revolution been postponed for half a century. We make due allowance for the effect of climate, of situation, and, above all, of large, open, and unappropriated territory. We know that in an extensive province, sparsely peopled, the physical conditions of the country forbid the exact reproduction of metropolitan life and society. We know that the concurrent amplitude of untilled land and paucity of laboring hands is favorable neither to polite manners nor to polite learning, nor, strange to say, to the manly sports of England. We cannot help seeing also that there is a mysterious *genius loci*, which in time does strangely change the ancestral type of a race. It is not the large influx of Irish, French, and German immigrants which has alone so completely changed the English physiognomy in America, for a somewhat analogous change is going on among our cousins in Australia. But what we contend is, that despite the operation of these various causes, the postponement of the American Revolution would have greatly modified their effects and retarded the estrangement between England and her transatlantic child. This postponement would have ensured in the mean time a closer and more frequent communication with Europe. A higher class of immigrants would have settled in the American colonies. Their influence would have reacted on their friends and connections of their own rank in England. A more courteous, and more liberal tone would have been infused into any controversial discussions with the mother country. A race of men would have grown up imbued with English predilections, and trained up in the manly sports, in the manly school-lore, in the generous school-feelings, of English boys. Above all, a race would have grown up imbued with the English principle of fair

play, amenable to the give-and-take practice which equity and good-humor equally recognize among us, loving a good stand-up fight, but loathing as alike unmanly and inhuman the arts and arms of the rowdy and the assassin. New York and Virginia would have developed masculine feelings and habits of thought in sufficient vigor to neutralize, or at any rate dilute, the acrid sectarianism and the sordid commercialism which, originally confined to the New England States, have flowed into the whole Union, souring the national mind and lowering the national character. Above all, the founders of the American Constitution (if at a later date a new Constitution had been deemed necessary) would have digested their plans under the lurid warnings of the French Revolution. Not yet committed to universal suffrage, to division of property, to the fatuous worship of an impossible equality, they would have sought to avoid the horrors and the failures of that dismal epoch, and to impress upon their commonwealth some of those characteristics which reconcile a reasonable freedom of individual thought and action with the preservation of general order and the due gradations of human society. They would have eschewed as the conception of impudent sciolists the doctrine that all men, learned or unlearned, rich or poor, honest or dishonest, have an equal right in dictating the tone of the national government, and tracing the course of the national legislation. Viewing, with a larger and more liberal scope than the actual founders of the great Republic could view, the process of European administration, and contrasting the effects of the different forms of European government, they would have recognized the value of traditions which only pert ignorance

presumes to despise, and the necessity of those social distinctions which are odious only to the vain, the vulgar, and the discontented. They would have disciplined their wild and unruly immigrants by an apprenticeship to systematic labor and the exercise of wholesome control in the neighborhood of settled cities and districts, instead of prematurely creating new States and throwing millions of acres into the hands of uncivilized occupants. Thus they would have saved their country from its ignominious subjection to Celtic rowdyism, and Europe from the reactionary tide of low American democracy.

But such a course of things was forbidden by fate. It was left to a medley composition of *quasi-Puritan* fanatics, half-Gallicized Jacobins, philosophical infidels, and acrimonious demagogues, to draw up a political Constitution for a people who had no powerful neighbors, no historical traditions save those of the conventicle and Congress Hall, no experience save that of handicraft-labor and civil war, and who, in the immense and trackless expanse of frontier forest and waste, beheld a continual incentive to adventure, aggression, and migration. Can we wonder, then, at the result which followed? Can we wonder when we see twenty millions of men, governed on the principle of anarchy, dictating at once two gigantic wars without deigning either to ponder their equity or to estimate their cost? Can we refrain from contrasting the state of things which exists, with the state of things which might have been if the Republic had been constituted by men who knew that there were higher objects of national ambition than a vulgar level of all citizens, or a rapid expansion of material prosperity?

---

A DEBATE has occurred in the Cortes on the character and pretensions of the nun Patrocinio, who, through the queen, governs Spain. A minister quoted her as the savior of Spain, and was told by M. Olozaga that she was a convict, having been formally condemned by the Judge of First Instance in Madrid for imposture, she having exhibited the marks of the crucifixion on

her hands and feet. The woman, in short, was an Ecstatica, and, unlike most Ecstaticas, convicted of fraud, and she is now believed by the court to be possessed of miraculous powers, and her advice, said to be dictated by the pope, is asked on every emergency. In other words, Spain is really governed by some priest who may have a genius for statesmanship, and has certainly one for intrigue.—*Spectator*, 28 Dec.

## SIXTY-ONE AND SIXTY-TWO.

On wide wing floats the angel Time,  
That everlasting rover :  
I listen for the midnight chime—  
Twelve strokes—the year is over !  
The stars shine clear above my roof,  
The fire burns bright thereunder :  
I think of the past year's mingled woof  
Of sorrow, fear, and wonder.  
Fill gayly up the claret cup,  
And drink, ye Tories true,  
A draught begun in '61,  
To end in '62.

Though human nature is the same,  
And human life's a bubble,  
And mortal wisdom's rather tame,  
And man is born to trouble,  
Though boys will always fall in love,  
And girls will like flirtation,  
And stolid Whigs, despised by Jove,  
Will always plague the nation,  
Though the rich will dine, and the poor will  
whine,  
And the many serve the few,  
Yet we cannot guess, from '61,  
Of the deeds of '62.

Palmerston perhaps may joke his way  
Through another year of office :  
Gladstone's tax we shall have to pay  
On our incomes, teas and coffees :  
Earl Russell will write at least a brace  
Of contradictory letters :  
John Bright will roar out commonplace,  
Abusing all his betters :  
Blockheads will prate at a fearful rate,  
As they always wont to do,  
And the twaddle talked in '61,  
Will be heard in '62.

Napoleon the Little may strive to do  
Some deed of dire disaster :  
Kaiser and Pope may both look blue  
If thrives rebellion faster :  
Frigates of iron on the deep  
Will be a standing menace :  
Whispers of war will surely sweep  
From Pesth to seagirt Venice :  
And tiger France may spring, perchance,  
And the war-flag wave anew—  
Though rather hard up in '61,  
They may fight in '62.

The *Times* will eat its share of dirt,  
And varying nonsense utter :  
Fierce Garibaldi, red of shirt,  
Perhaps may cause a flutter :  
And war will rage 'twixt North and South  
Across the wide Atlantic,  
Till hotter grows the cannon's mouth,  
And statesmen grow more frantic.  
King Cotton will make his subjects quake,  
And we fear, whate'er men do,  
That the quarrel begun in '61  
Will not end in '62.

Sir Cresswell Cresswell's Court, no doubt,  
Will sunder many bridals :  
The Laureate will, I hope, bring out  
At least a dozen Idylls :  
Spurgeon will vainly strive to hide  
His mental inanition :  
Great London's crowds will be multiplied  
By the marvellous Exhibition.  
And the page of *The Press*, ye well may guess,  
Will stand by the old true blue ;  
For the truths we speake in '61  
We shall utter in '62.

—*Press.*

C.

## THE ORPHAN.

My father was a captain wild,  
One hundred men lie dead with him,  
Because he would not turn and fly  
Upon the battle day.  
My mother was an only child,  
Who left her home to wed with him ;  
And nothing could she do but die,  
When he was ta'en away.  
And I alone am left behind  
To breast the storm and face the wind,  
As bravely as I may ;  
While I think of those who love me  
In the heaven so far above me,  
And the evening sweet, when the loved ones  
meet,  
Never more to part or stray.

My playmates late, who courted me,  
Pass on, and never seek for me ;  
I hear them laughing in the grove,  
While I am in the gloom.  
My lover he deserted me  
When none were left to speak for me,  
And, loving riches more than love,  
A wealthy bride took home.  
And thus by fate unmerited  
Cast out and disinherited,  
The dreary earth I roam.  
But the heaven is calm above me,  
With my dear ones there who love me,  
And in day's despite I have dreams by night,  
When they bid their daughter come.

H. F. CHORLEY.

LOVE not me for comely grace,  
For my pleasing eye or face,  
Nor for any outward part,  
No, nor for my constant heart—  
For those may fail, or turn to ill ;  
So thou and I shall sever ;  
Keep, therefore, a true woman's eye,  
And love me still, but know not why—  
So hast thou the same reason still  
To dote upon me ever !

From The Christian Observer.  
THE LIFE OF COLUMBUS, AND ITS DISREGARDED LESSONS.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS was a native of Genoa. He was the son of a wool-comber, and his forefathers had followed that trade or handicraft for several generations. But as he soon showed a predilection for a seafaring life, he was sent for a short time in his youth to the university in Pavia, where he studied geometry, geography, astronomy, and navigation. At about the age of fourteen he made his first voyage, after which he is to be regarded as one devoted to the calling of a navigator. For twenty years we have only faint glimpses of his life as a seaman, but these show us that up to his thirty-fifth year he was ceaselessly employed; sometimes in commerce, sometimes in war; but invariably in active life on the ocean.

It was about the year 1470 that Columbus arrived in Lisbon. The efforts and enterprise of Prince Henry of Portugal had attracted to the Lusitanian capital "the learned, the curious, and the adventurous," from all parts of the world. This distinguished man, the son of King John I. and Philippa of Lancaster, sister to our own Henry IV., had for years been laboring in the study of the sciences, and in the promotion of geographical discoveries, and had assembled around him men who were devoted to scientific researches from various countries. Under his auspices a great part of the west African coast had been explored, several important settlements founded, and a way opened for the grand discoveries of Vasco de Gama, which rendered memorable the close of that century.

Columbus had been a thoughtful, reasoning, and enthusiastic navigator from his youth; and when he visited Portugal he was led there by the interest he took in Prince Henry's undertakings. While resident in Lisbon he married the daughter of an Italian lately dead, who had been one of Prince Henry's most distinguished navigators, and from his wife's mother he obtained the papers, charts, and journals of the deceased commander. During the intervals of his voyages to Guinea or elsewhere, he constructed maps and charts, and corresponded with men of science in Italy and other countries. The moment was one in which, all over Europe, the question was agitating men's minds, "How India was to be reached

by sea?" The route afterwards taken by Vasco de Gama, by the Cape of Good Hope, had not yet been discovered; the existence of the American continent was wholly unknown; and, among other problems then under examination, that which chiefly interested Columbus was, whether a voyage from Europe, *due west*, would not, in process of time, bring the voyagers to the eastern side of the Asiatic continent?

It is abundantly evident that, in the course of the twenty-two years which elapsed between his arrival at Lisbon in 1470, and his agreement with the sovereigns of Spain in 1492, the mind of Columbus became quite settled upon this point. And the difference which existed between the scientific view taken by him, and the popular notion which was generally prevalent, may be easily stated.

No one had yet proved that the earth was a globe, by walking, or riding, or sailing round it. Men in general regarded it as a flat surface, extending over many thousands of miles, and divided, in common language, into three great districts—Europe, Africa, and Asia. All round this vast continent flowed the measureless ocean, whose extent no one had attempted to ascertain; and beyond which there might exist what no one could divine. Taking this view, it was natural that the man who proposed boldly to plunge into this unexplored abyss of waters, and to discover *what might lie beyond it*, should be regarded in very nearly the same light as any enthusiast would now be who should fill his balloon with gas sufficient for a month, and leave this earth on a voyage of discovery among the stars. But to Columbus, and many other men of that time who had studied the subject in the light of science, the whole matter presented itself in a totally different aspect. They had fully satisfied themselves of the globular figure of the earth; and this fact, when once it was firmly believed, changed entirely the whole position of the question. Since some travellers had journeyed half round the earth, why should not others complete the circuit? Marco Polo and Mandeville, journeying *to the east*, had travelled over thousands of miles until they reached the eastern limits of Asia. What was to prevent a navigator, keeping in the same latitude, and sailing *to the west*, from arriving at the same point? These

questions were revolved in the minds of Columbus and his friends, year after year, till it became established in his mind and theirs, as a settled principle, that a ship, properly equipped and provided, and sailing from the coasts of Spain to the westward, must, in due time, arrive at the eastern shores of the great Asiatic continent.

When this belief had been thoroughly adopted, it became very natural that an ardent and enthusiastic man like Columbus, being also a fearless navigator, should begin to entertain a vehement desire to be himself the first discoverer of the great western road to China, India, and Japan. And accordingly, about 1483 or 1484, some ten or twelve years after his attention had first been directed to the question, we find Columbus asking an audience of John II. of Portugal, and laying his calculations and his plans before him. His offer was entertained, and several conferences were held upon the subject. But already we begin to meet with that fatal mistake which embittered the whole of the great navigator's after life. Himself the son of an Italian artisan, and entirely destitute of all means for the fitting out a proper squadron of discovery, he yet "demanded," says Mr. Irving, "high and honorable titles and rewards, that he might leave behind him a name and a family worthy of his achievements."

John II. is accused of double-dealing in this negotiation; but, however this might be, it is certain that the negotiation between him and Columbus came to an unfavorable close, and, towards the end of 1484, the enthusiastic navigator, whose whole soul seems to have been now wrapped up in the great idea which had possessed him, quitted Portugal, and passed into Spain. It seems probable that he had to leave behind him creditors whom he could not satisfy. Like thousands of other projectors, "he had suffered his own affairs," says Mr. Irving, "to go to ruin, and was reduced to struggle hard with poverty. He had to beg his way from court to court, to offer to princes the discovery of a world."

A notion prevails, which seems to have some probability, that his project was next urged upon the government of his own State, Genoa, but urged in vain. It is towards the end of 1485, in the fiftieth year of his age, that we find him in the south of Spain, seek-

ing to interest in his great object the Spanish nobles of Andalusia. The Duke of Medina Celi entertained him at his house, and, for a time, seemed disposed to provide him with two or three vessels fit for such an enterprise. But the project appeared too vast for a subject, and the duke finally preferred to give Columbus a letter to Queen Isabella, recommending him to her notice. The ardent navigator was thus once more engaged in the anxious toil of a court-suitor, and he spent the following six years of his life in the painful and harassing task of following the king and queen from place to place, waiting their leisure to attend to him. At last, in February, 1492, he turned his back on the Spanish court, and set out for France, with the purpose of addressing his application, in the fifty-seventh year of his age, to a *fourth* government, undismayed by three previous failures. Mr. Irving justly remarks that it is impossible not to admire the great constancy of purpose and loftiness of spirit displayed by Columbus. More than eighteen years had now elapsed "since he first espoused the project. What poverty, neglect, ridicule, contumely, and disappointment had he not suffered; yet nothing could shake his perseverance."

But while we readily accord to the great navigator all this praise, it would be wrong to overlook the fact, which now begins to be very apparent, that a disregard of the counsel of God to Baruch (Jer. 45: 5,) was the grand mistake of his life. He quitted the court of Spain—not because the king and queen refused to entertain the project, but on a *quarrel about terms!* "His principal stipulation was," says Mr. Irving, "that he should be invested with the titles and privileges of admiral and viceroy over the countries he should discover, with one-tenth of all gains, either by trade or conquest." "More moderate conditions were offered to Columbus, and such as appeared highly honorable and advantageous. It was all in vain; he would not cede one point of his demands, and the negotiation was broken off."

We do not meddle with the dispute, whether this conduct on the part of Columbus was "mercenary" or not. We merely take notice of the fact, that this determination to be *great* was the one grand source of all the miseries of his subsequent life. The

position assumed by him was unlike that of any other discoverer. Vasco de Gama, Cabral, and others, were, again and again, sent forth by the neighboring government of Portugal. They expected, and received, honors and rewards for their courage, enterprise, and success; but we never hear, on their part, of any strife or contention about *terms*, or of any "demand" for such or such great honors, titles, or privileges. This peculiar pretension was put forth only by this son of a Genoese wool-comber. As we have already said, we mean not to discuss the abstract justice of his pretensions; we desire not to stigmatize him as greedy of gain; but we point out *this* as the one fatal mistake of his life; as that which embittered every step of his otherwise splendid career; and, finally, overshadowed his latest days with all the gloom of disappointed hopes and frustrated expectations.

Columbus was, amidst all the superstition of his age, a sincerely religious man. He must have had, also, some knowledge of Holy Writ, if it be truly stated of him that "he met the dignified ecclesiastics on their own ground; pouring forth many magnificent texts of Scripture, and predictions of the prophets, which he regarded as types and annunciations of the sublime discovery which he proposed."\* Yet it is hardly to be supposed that he had a thorough acquaintance with God's word. He had either never seen, or else had overlooked, the last lessons of the wisest of men. A serious consideration of the recorded experience of the great king of Israel, if rightly taken to heart, might have saved Columbus years of anguish and of bitter suffering. His whole soul seemed bent upon becoming a prince; —upon rising to high estate, and accumulating great wealth. Had he contemplated with the religious feeling which generally distinguished him the confessions of King Solomon, they must have given to his heart some juster notions of the True Wisdom. For all that *he* desired, the Israelitish king had *possessed* in the fullest abundance. He himself says, "I was king over Israel in Jerusalem; —I made me great works; I builded me houses; I planted me vineyards; I had great possessions; I gathered me silver and gold, and the peculiar treasure of kings and of the provinces. So I was great,

and increased more than all that were before me: also my wisdom remained with me. Then I looked on all the works that my hands had wrought, and on the labor that I had labored to do:—and, behold, all was vanity and vexation of spirit." It was this one lesson which Columbus needed. He had the noble enthusiasm of a great discoverer, but with it was mingled the meaner craving for earthly honors, titles, rank, and great possessions. This lowered his character, and the "strifes and emulations" into which it led him, made the last ten years of his life one long series of painful struggles and unmerited woes.

We left Columbus, however, on his journey out of Spain, in 1492, to seek for better entertainment in some other court. But it was the will of God that Spain, and not France or England, should, for two or three centuries, possess the wealth of Mexico and Peru. Hence, the disconsolate projector while in the act of leaving Spain, was suddenly recalled, and found all his demands at once conceded. An ardent admirer of Columbus, and one who had entire faith in his project, rushed forward, after the Genoese navigator had actually departed for France; and passionately entreated Queen Isabella not to forfeit so great a glory as was tendered to her. The appeal succeeded—Columbus was overtaken and brought back, and on the 17th of April, 1492, the final agreement was signed, by which this poor Genoese, who probably scarcely knew where to find food or clothing, was invested with the viceroyalty of a new world. On his side we see nothing but a grand idea, an enthusiastic resolve. Means he had none; these were to be furnished to him by the Spanish king and queen. Yet, simply for propounding this one idea, and offering his own services in carrying it out, he demanded and obtained "the office of high-admiral in all the lands and continents which he might discover or acquire; also, the office of viceroy and governor-general over all the said lands and continents, with the privilege of nominating all the provincial governors, under the approval of the Spanish sovereigns."

The remaining provisos were equally pretentious on his part; making him the actual sovereign of these unknown lands, which others were to provide him with the means of discovering.

\* Irving's Columbus: Book ii. chap. 8.

Now to these demands many plain and territories, of which they took possession; palpable objections will instantly occur. The one pursuit for which Columbus was well fitted was that of a discoverer; and, in fact, it was to this work that the remainder of his life was really devoted. But the work of an exploring navigator, and that of a viceroy and governor-general, are entirely different, —so different as to be practically incompatible. And it was the attempt to unite the two, that constituted the main difficulty of Columbus' subsequent life; and gave rise to more than half of his sufferings and distresses.

Again: it was Columbus' firm belief that it was to Asia,—to a land of great khans and moguls, of wealth and settled government,—that his course was directed. He knew not, he never dreamed, that his actual landing would be among tribes of naked savages. Yet did he calmly propose to take into his possession those great Asiatic kingdoms of which Marco Polo and Mandeville had spoken; and with three small vessels, and about a hundred men, to make himself lord, grand-admiral, and viceroy of the empire of China! It is abundantly clear that had things turned out as Columbus expected, a Chinese or Japanese prison would probably have been his residence for the brief remainder of his life. That his whole project was not thus nipped in the bud, arose from the fact, that the real state of things was wholly different from what he had supposed; and that his landing, when actually effected, was not upon a wealthy and civilized Asiatic continent, but among the naked Indians of the American islands.

However, having thus obtained his desire, little knowing what "apples of Sodom" he was eagerly grasping, Columbus set forth; quitted Palos on the 3rd of August, 1492; landing on an island which he called San Salvador, on the 12th of October. And here we meet with the first exhibition of his eager desire for greatness, in that, the moment he had landed on this insignificant spot, among wild Indians, he forthwith called upon all present "to take the oath of obedience to him, as admiral and viceroy, representing the persons of the sovereigns."

Soon leaving this newly discovered island, the voyagers proceeded onwards to the more important islands of Cuba and Hispaniola. Here they found, indeed, great and valuable

and on the latter of which Columbus raised a fort. Leaving here a few men, in the month of January, 1493, the admiral quitted the American seas for Europe; arriving in Lisbon early in March; and proceeding onwards till, in April, he presented himself before Ferdinand and Isabel in Barcelona. Here, doubtless, was the meridian splendor of his life, so far as outward pomp and show and seeming glory could gratify and content the heart of man. Yet was hollowness and falsehood in everything beneath the surface. With the queen, indeed, sincerity and truth existed; but Ferdinand had never heartily consented to Columbus' demands, and soon found means to nullify all his concessions; while, among the courtiers generally, hatred and jealousy of the "upstart foreigner" were universal.

An otherwise slight circumstance seems to exhibit, at this point, the self-worship, the self-seeking, which was the one unfavorable feature in Columbus' character. A pension had been promised to the man who should first descry the western land. A sailor, one of the crew, who had first hailed the land, expected this honor and reward. But Columbus himself, on the previous evening had seen a light on the waters, and had pointed it out to a companion. On this ground, the pension was adjudged to the admiral, and the poor sailor in a passion of anger and disappointment, foreswore his country, and fled to Africa.

But now, amidst acclamations of joy on all sides, the second expedition was rapidly prepared. On the 25th of September, 1493, the bay of Cadiz saw a squadron of three large ships, and fourteen smaller ones, with fifteen hundred men, surrounding "the admiral" on his second voyage. Lust for gold was the prevalent feature with all; and all were confident of realizing enormous riches. The golden visions of Columbus had seized hold upon all imaginations; he himself was so carried away by these baseless fancies, as to vow to furnish, within seven years, an army of four thousand horse and fifty thousand foot, for the rescue of the holy sepulchre. Nothing could more vividly show the excited state of his mind than this monstrous speculation. All the lands he had yet discovered were peopled by naked Indians, wholly destitute of wealth. Yet, with this fact be-

fore him, this ardent and enthusiastic man, who died, after all, in the deepest poverty, deemed himself the possessor of the wealth of empires. There was nothing mean or sordid in his views; he was magnificent in his plans and purposes; but still, to be great, and to *do* great things, was the temptation which ruled and overbalanced his mind.

This second voyage of Columbus extended from September, 1493, until June, 1496; and it might have served to prove to the enthusiastic navigator how different is the *reality* of a course of ambition from the *romance* which imagination so vividly portrays. More islands were explored; the mainland of America being still not even imagined by Columbus or any of his followers. But the glorious expectations of enormous wealth which Columbus had himself encouraged, and which had filled his vessels with greedy hidalgos, who dreamed of nothing but easy and abundant gains, were all grievously dissipated. Cuba, Hispaniola, Jamaica, and Gaudaloupe were not, to any great extent, gold-producing countries. Provisions for so large a body of adventurers soon ran short; and Columbus was obliged to order and compel his followers to labor for the production of food. Great indignation was excited among the hidalgos or gentry; insurrections and conspiracies broke out; bitter complaints were carried home to Spain, and in 1495, Juan Aguado, in manifest contravention of the agreement which the Spanish sovereigns had signed, was sent out to investigate his conduct. From the very commencement, the "demand" of Columbus had been that he should be supreme, under the crown of Spain, in all the lands which he should discover. Yet here was a man sent forth, under royal authority, to receive complaints against him. Could there be a stronger or a more instructive proof of the intrinsic folly and emptiness of all such "demands" and "conventions"?

Very naturally we next hear that Columbus, grieved and indignant at such a proceeding, resolved himself to return to Spain, and to meet the accusations which Aguado had received from crowds of discontented persons. He landed in Spain, on this, his second return, in far different guise from that in which he had presented himself on his first. Not now in the splendor of a warrior on his day of triumph, but clad in the hum-

ble garb of a Franciscan monk. "The change agreed but too well with his faded hopes and altered prospects. Of the dreams of conquest and glory which had filled his mind, how little had been realized, and how much of suffering and disappointment had been endured." The aspect of his companions, also, told a like tale. From his shattered vessels "a feeble train of wretched men crawled forth, emaciated by the diseases of the colony and by the hardships of the voyage, and who had nothing to relate but tales of sickness, poverty, and disappointment."

Columbus, however, was kindly received by Ferdinand and Isabella, and ships for a new expedition were promised him. But the secret opposition of those who envied his fame and advancement, so delayed the preparations, that nearly two years were wasted before the six vessels provided for this third voyage were ready to sail. At the end of May, 1498, Columbus again departed.

But his downward course, not indeed, into crime, but into undeserved misery, was rapid. This third voyage, while he acted as an explorer and discoverer, was a memorable one, for in it he first discovered and landed on the great American continent. But when he resumed his office of viceroy, that post which he had so much coveted, he found nothing but turmoil, contention, and actual disgrace before him.

Trinidad and the mainland of America having been discovered, Columbus returned to Hispaniola and St. Domingo, in August, 1498. Here he found all things in confusion. His brother Bartholomew, whom he had left in charge of the colony, had been involved in war, first with the Indians, and then with a conspirator, named Roldan. The latter had gathered such a party that the admiral was compelled to make a treaty with him, and to overlook his many offences. Other outbreaks and conspiracies followed, and the discontented, when put down and expelled from the colony, returned to Spain, and carried thither such stories of the tyrannies and cruelties of Columbus, that even Isabella herself, his faithful friend and patroness, was forced at last to consent to the sending forth, again, a royal commissioner, to inquire into the truth of these complaints. These disastrous events were not at all surprising, in

the commencement of a new and distant colony; but they exhibit in a strong light the fatal error of Columbus, in claiming to unite with the fame of a discoverer, the more hazardous function of founder and governor of a great foreign possession.

The new commissioner, Don Francesco de Bobadilla, received the fullest powers to investigate and redress the grievances of the colonists; powers so full, indeed, that under them he proceeded, on his arrival at St. Domingo, to put the admiral and his brother into irons, and to send them back to Spain. Thus the great discoverer of the new world left the lands which he had given to Spain, in October, 1500, "shackled like the vilest of culprits, amidst the scoffs and shouts of a miscreant rabble, who sent curses after him from the shores of the island he had so recently added to the civilized world." He arrived at Cadiz, in December, a prisoner and in chains. There was a general burst of indignation throughout Spain, and the king and queen so far shared in the feeling, as to send instant orders that he should be released, and treated with all distinction. He appeared before the sovereigns in Granada on the 17th of December. "When the queen beheld the venerable man approach, and thought on all he had done, and all he had suffered, she was moved to tears." Very naturally, the long-suppressed feelings of the injured hero burst forth; "he threw himself on his knees, and for some time could not utter a word, for the violence of his tears and sobbings." Was there ever a more striking proof given, of the wisdom and kindness displayed in the counsel to Baruch, "Seest thou great things for thyself? seek them not, saith the Lord"? The whole of these unmerited sufferings of the great navigator may be traced to his unwise determination to be "great;" to have great wealth, great power, great honor and distinction. By this one error, he made thousands of foes, and no degree of purity or virtue could avail, in the presence of such hosts of envenomed detractors.

One more step remained, between him and the grave. Columbus was now in Spain; he was soothed and comforted, but to his greatly coveted government and dignity he was never restored. Ferdinand had but grudgingly conceded his "demands" in 1492, and now, ten years having passed

away, and the admiral being in Spain, there was no alacrity shown in doing him the justice which he sought, or in replacing him in the "viceroyalty" of the new world. Another commissioner, Ovando, was appointed to supersede Bobadilla, and Columbus was told that an interval of repose would allow bad passions to subside, and would promote the peace and welfare of the colony. Thus, all through 1501 and the first portion of 1502, Columbus was detained in Spain, while old age was rapidly creeping upon him. But his active mind could not rest, nor could he fail to perceive that his discoveries were still exceedingly imperfect. Reflection on the past only served to convince him that much remained to be done, and he soon made a fresh application to the sovereigns to be allowed to prosecute his still unfinished investigations. Ferdinand judged this a good opportunity of keeping the admiral employed at a distance from Cuba and Hispaniola. Four small ships were granted him, and in the sixty-seventh year of his age, he again sallied forth on this his last voyage of discovery. His first occupation, which consumed four months, was in exploring the Bay of Honduras, and the whole of that coast, in search of a strait which he still fancied would open to him the road to India and to China. The whole of this voyage was one of hardship, toil, and danger. Storms, strife with the natives, and the weak and shattered condition of his vessels rendered it, from May, 1502 to June, 1503, a period of great difficulty and trouble. At last, in the latter month, he brought his two remaining vessels into harbor at Jamaica, where he stranded them, to avoid their total loss by foundering. Here he was detained a whole year, by the cruel disregard of Ovando, the governor of St. Domingo, who, not desiring his presence in that colony, sent him word that "he could not spare vessels to bring him off." Twelve months elapsed before this ruthless man felt compelled, by mere shame, to take steps for the admiral's release. At last, on the 28th of June, 1504, two vessels having arrived, Columbus left his island-prison for St. Domingo; from whence, on the 12th of September, he took his last voyage back to Spain. In November he reached Seville—"a broken-down old man, encumbered with debt, and surrounded with needy adventurers, who laid their ruin

at his door." He had purposed, in the days of his golden dreams, the equipment, like a prince, of a royal army, for the rescue of the holy sepulchre! Instead of which, hear his own description of himself, in one of his letters to his sovereigns:—

"Such is my fate, that twenty years of service, through which I passed with so much toil and danger, have profited me nothing; and at this day I do not possess a roof in Spain that I can call my own. If I wish to eat or sleep, I have nowhere to go but to the inn or tavern, and I seldom have wherewith to pay the bill. I have not a hair upon me that is not gray; my body is infirm; and all that was left me, as well as to my brothers, has been taken away and sold, even to the frock that I wore, to my great dishonor. I implore your highnesses to forgive my complaints. I am, indeed, in as ruined a condition as I have related. Hitherto I have wept over others; may Heaven now have mercy upon me, and may the earth weep for me!"

In this spirit he returned to Spain—to find a grave. His sincere friend and patroness, the admirable Isabella, died shortly after his return, and Ferdinand was ever cold-hearted and selfish. "He received him with many expressions of kindness, but with those cold, ineffectual smiles which convey no warmth to the heart." Appeal after appeal was made, but the replies of Ferdinand were always evasive. In fact, the king had no intention of conceding the one point respecting which Columbus was chiefly anxious. To bequeath the perpetual viceroyalty of "the Indies" to his son Diego, and to his descendants, as matter of hereditary right, was the point always uppermost in his mind. "This," he writes to the king, "is a matter which concerns my honor. As to all the rest, do as your majesty may think proper—give or withhold as may be most for your interest, and I shall be content. I believe the anxiety caused by the delay of this affair is the principal cause of my ill-health." Strange infatuation! Had Columbus calmly reviewed his past life, he might have seen that this greatly prized viceroyalty had been his ruin—had been the cause of all his sufferings. And to his son it must have brought equal woes. If it were a power real and absolute, it would have uncrowned the king of Spain, and rendered the heirs of Columbus "lords of the Indies." But if

unreal, as in times past, it was sure to bring other Bobadillas and Ovandos from Spain to harass, counteract, and persecute the viceroy. Columbus could hardly have left to his son a more fatal legacy. Yet he himself confesses that the denial of this claim was breaking his heart: "the anxiety caused by this affair is the principal cause of my ill-health." "It appears that his majesty does not see fit to fulfil that which he, with the queen, who is now in glory, promised me by word and seal. I have done what I could, and must leave the rest to God!"

And so he died, in May, 1506, being about seventy years of age. He was a sincerely religious man, after the religion of his day. He was enthusiastic, noble-minded, sincere, and warm-hearted. Of the grand mission and achievement of his life it is needless to speak, for men are forward and eager to recognize and extol it. Our object has been, while sympathizing with his wrongs, to point out the chief lesson which is taught us by his history. Had he possessed the practical wisdom of our own Wellington, whose noblest distinction it was, that he never sought, never asked, anything for himself, how different would have been his fate! His fame, the honor attaching to his name and family, was already assured by his own deeds, and needed not the extrinsic help of titles or privileges. And had he left his reward to the free will of the sovereigns whom he so greatly served, it could not have been a niggardly one. Leaving the toils and anxieties of government to others, had he asked and obtained better and more efficient fleets of discovery, he might, in his own lifetime, have circumnavigated America, and colonized Mexico and Peru.

Among the many lessons of practical wisdom for every-day life which are scattered up and down the pages of the word of God, there is, perhaps, scarcely one which is more needed for constant use, or one which men are more ready to pass over with silent disregard, than God's message to Baruch, "Seest thou great things for thyself? seek them not, saith the Lord." Although again and again enforced by Christ himself, in such words as,—"Lay not up for yourselves treasures on earth; for where your treasure is, there will your hearts be also:—"A man's life consisteth not in the abun-

dance of things which he posseseth :—" How hardly shall a rich man enter into the kingdom of God : "—these emphatic warnings fall ineffectually upon " ears that are dull of hearing." Apostles have followed their Master in warning their hearers, that " they that will be rich, fall into temptation and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition ; " and in exhorting them to " set their affections on things above, not on things on the earth ; " but, throughout all ages, " the love of this present world " has carried away the vast majority of hearers, and " the deceitfulness of riches has choked the word, so that it remained unfruitful."

Yet beacon-lights, marking the rocks on which many gallant ships have foundered, are not wanting. Numerous, indeed, are the fearful mementos which have come to us from past ages, of those who either have " made shipwreck of the faith," or else, as God's erring children, have had their " offences visited with the rod, and their sin with scourges." We are not called upon, nor are we able, to discriminate actually between the one class and the other ; but when

we observe a notable instance of a great and perhaps a good man, bringing suffering and humiliation on himself by disregarding all these warnings, it seems a plain duty to compare the fault with its consequences ; so that, even to human eyes, " God may be justified when he speaketh, and be clear when he judgeth." And among all the records of the past, we know of no more remarkable proof of the practical wisdom and benevolence of the message to Baruch than is given in the biography of which we have sketched the outline.

We follow the great navigator with sympathy and with painful commiseration. We abhor the hard-hearted selfishness of his numerous enemies, and the frigid indifference of those who ought to have been his zealous protectors. But still, amidst all this, we trace the main cause of all Columbus' sufferings to *himself*. Not to any crimes, not to any excesses, not to any immoralities, but simply to that one mistaken idea with which he set out ; an idea which ran entirely counter to that divine wisdom which had said, " Seest thou great things for thyself? seek them not, saith the Lord."

**CAMBRIAN AND BORDER LITERATURE.**—You were good enough some time since to call attention to my collection of Cambrian and Border County Literature ; and also to my intention of publishing a Catalogue of the same. I have devoted the whole of my spare time in 1859, 1860, and 1861, to a compilation of the proposed work, and now have the satisfaction of saying that the full titles of *four thousand volumes* have been copied in manuscript ; and that the whole of the duplicates, necessarily found in such a collection, have been weeded out and put aside for sale. I have been at work on this collection for twenty years, and my experience has shown what must, I think, be obvious to collectors, that next to " scarce works" the greatest difficulty lies in getting together Welsh Magazines, and in completing sets of them. I shall have to reprint some odd numbers of several to perfect sets, and before I do so I venture, in the interest of literature, to suggest that some effort should at once be made to fix a clear and definite period down to which the collector may with something like satisfaction confine himself. With this view, I think

it must be useful to have supplied through the press a concise list of defunct and existing Welsh Serials. And that collectors should then address themselves, through some committee, to publishers of existing works, asking them to close the running series of Serials at the end of 1862 ; commencing with January, 1863 new and distinct series of their respective works. I have no doubt, but that this must be a wise thing to them in a commercial point of view, for it must act as a stimulant to two classes : the collector of the present day in making his collection perfect ; the collector of the coming generation who, with a new literary period at his command, would be induced to buy all up, from a desire to get together perfect and complete sets of current literature. I write this letter with considerable diffidence ; but I am so persuaded of the necessity for some such effort as that indicated, that I have ventured to ask you to lend your valuable aid in bringing it about.

E. R. G. SALISBURY.  
*Glas-Aber, Chester, Dec. 7, 1861.*

—*Athenaeum.*

From The Cornhill Magazine.  
THE FAIRY-LAND OF SCIENCE.

WE have often been reminded (in popular lectures and elsewhere) how curiously the achievements of modern industry embody, while they often even surpass, the imaginations of the youthful world. Who has not been invited to compare Chaucer's horse of brass, the shoes of swiftness of the *Niebelungen Lied*, or the seven-leagued boots of the renowned Giant-killer with the railway train, to the manifest advantage of the latter; Aladdin's ring by rubbing which he could instantaneously communicate with the genii at the ends of the earth, with the electric telegraph; or the magic mirror in which were portrayed the actions of distant friends with the reflecting telescope? Science has realized, and more than realized, some of these early dreams, and seems to cast on them almost a prophetic lustre. We can easily persuade ourselves that those weird tales were told half in earnest, and hid beneath their grotesque exterior the sincere anticipations of gifted souls, whose far-sighted gaze caught the dim outline of the future time. Nor is there any good reason against our indulging in this pleasing thought. What undeveloped power is there, in man or beast, that does not, by sportive freak or mad extravagance, foretell the achievements that are to come? Who can explain the promptings of nature in his own bosom even, until experience casts its light (and gloom) upon them?

Its light and gloom—for seldom indeed is the brightness of the hope undimmed by the fruition. The golden splendor of the dawn fails not of the promised noon, but the noon veils itself in clouds. The history of man is written in the gleesome fairy tales of old, and the heavy burden of the modern life: picture of hope, and hope fulfilled.

A pretty fairy-land our science has brought us to. It is like the "behind scenes" of a theatre. There are all the fine things we admired so innocently at a distant view; we can't deny that we have got them "but oh, how different!" The dazzle, the sparkle, the romantic glory, where are they? Are these realities of life, also, only meant to delude an imagination that makes itself a party to the charm? Is all the world a stage?

Not that we are among the grumblers at

our life. Stern realities, it is true, have upreared their solid framework in regions which the very wantonness of fancy claimed, crushing fancy with their weight; and sterner duties, multiplying evermore, have put chains upon the hands which once were filled with flowers, or clapped in happy play. But the sternness is better than the play; the chains are the instruments of a higher liberty. The laughing imagination gives place to dull and sober fact, only because man's heart is large, and his destiny sublime; because his nature grows with the growing centuries, and his soul learns to fill out more worthily the compass of his powers. The realization of one dream is no end: it is but another dream. The prophetic cycle of humanity contains wheel within wheel, and each fulfilment carries on the burden in a higher strain, and with a wider sweep.

Our realization of the dream of fairy tales is but another dream; it is a revelation, an onlooking, and no end or substance. A divine fatalism is upon the world, and upon man in his dominion over it:—a beneficent necessity, which forbids the lower to be grasped save through the recognition of a higher. The achievements of which Science boasts, and justly boasts, as its peculiar glory, are permitted to it only by the adoption of principles which compel it to bear witness to a truth beyond itself. By science man may control nature, and work marvels that outrival magic, but in the very act he concedes that the world is not what it seems. We can easily see the proofs of this.

In a former paper,\* we took into consideration the scientific view of nature, and found how greatly it turned upon the idea of force. And as we pursued this idea, we found it to be, on the one hand, a very simple one, flowing directly from our own experience; while on the other, it furnished exactly the key we needed to help us to understand the world around us; enabling us to regard all material changes, of whatever kind, as exhibitions of a common fact. Thus we recognize in all the "Forces," as they are called—motion, heat, light, electricity, etc.,—forms of one activity, different in mode, but always essentially the same. And this activity we saw reason to believe never alters in amount; never begins really afresh, nor comes to a true end; but only passes from one form to an-

\* "FORCE," *Cornhill Magazine*, October, 1861.

other, maintaining a constant equivalence through all seeming changes. So we see all things under a new aspect. This simple idea places us without difficulty in a position from which the most varied phenomena present themselves as one. All processes in the material world arrange themselves under it at once: all are instances of the shifting forms, and permanent balance of force. A unity is grasped here which no variety can obscure, nor seeming unlikeness contradict. And this is no matter of arbitrary arrangement. It is the very unity of nature that we have seized. For no grouping of events can be more natural, or can bring us nearer to their source, than that which regards them as embodiments of power, and fixes our thoughts on the force by which they are produced.

Nor is there wanting another charm, besides that of simplicity, in this view: it is fraught with mystery; it is rich with life. Can any thought be more pleasing to the mind, than that which thus presents nature as a perennial fountain of activity, ever flowing forth, ever returning, inexhaustibly; which recognizes in the endless series of her creations continually fresh forms of the old powers; and finds in the simplest objects storehouses and reservoirs of the most subtle energies?

For this the doctrine of force, and its unalterable constancy, involves. It carries our thoughts beyond the objects which present themselves to our senses, and makes us recognize in everything the operation of a power impalpable to sense: a power which reveals itself to us in one and in another form, but which itself eludes our grasp, and then most flies from us when we seem most nearly to approach it.

Thus, for example, in the telegraph, a magnet attracts a needle: it seems to us that there is here a power of magnetism displayed; but when we look farther, we find that this magnetism is but the representative of a galvanic current. Do we say, then, that it is galvanism that attracts? Again we look back, and we find that the galvanic current represents some chemical action—it is chemical affinity that is operative in the galvanic wire. But this affinity refers us to something still further back, and that again to something else. Which of these forces is it that produces the effect? Clearly it is

neither of them, but something which is each of them in succession; which appears to us, that is, first as one and then as another, being truly none of them, because it embraces all. To think rightly of it, we must alter our point of view, and instead of regarding the series of operations from the side, look along the axis of them, as it were, from which position the longest line appears as a point. Or again: our own bodies will one day no more be bodies such as now. They will be dust, they will be other forms of life; we can neither trace nor put limits to their changes. And equally, they have been other things before—grass, air, we know not what. The substance here, then, is not the body; it is something which can be all these, and yet remain itself.

Dwelling on this idea of one unalterable power, we begin to feel ourselves in a new world of fascinating interest and mysterious awe. The solid globe seems almost to melt and become fluent before our eyes. All things put forth universal relations, and assume a weird and mystical character. The world becomes doubled to us: it is one world of things perceived; one unperceivable. The objects which surround us lose their substantiality when we think of them as forms under which something which is not they, nor essentially connected with them, is presented to us; something which has met us under forms the most unlike before, and may meet us under other forms again. In short, all nature grows like an enchanted garden; a fairy world in which unknown existences lurk under familiar shapes, and every object seems ready, at the shaking of a wand, to take on the strangest transformations.

We cannot escape this result of regarding nature from the scientific point of view. The most solid substances become mere appearances, and we feel ourselves separated from the very reality of things by an impenetrable barrier. Struggle against the conviction as we may, we have to accept it at last. It is, indeed, accepted by the cultivators of science as an established fact, that the very reality of things is not within their sphere; and this idea is embodied in a word that has grown into familiar use, but the real significance of which, being so much opposed to our ordinary thoughts, has not become equally familiar—the word “phenomena.” This term is merely a learned word for “ap-

appearances ; " and when it is said—as it is said wherever the principles of science are discussed—that we only know *phenomena*, the meaning simply is that our observation and our thought penetrate only to appearances. Science deals, therefore, with an apparent world. The facts which it affirms are true of appearances, and its command is over them. The true reality of nature remains beyond its grasp, and respecting that it is silent, save as it affirms that all the changing things with which our experience is concerned are the appearances of an existence which does not share their change.

Have we not well said, therefore, that science wins its triumphs in a fairy-land, and in fulfilling one vision teaches us to recognize another ?

From this point of view we can appreciate the full meaning of the confessions of ignorance, and references to some unfathomable reality, which fall so continually from the lips of those who, in these days, reveal to us the wonders of the material world. Scarcely ever do great discoverers, or leaders in science speak, without bidding us mark to how small a depth our knowledge reaches, and how profound a mystery hides itself behind all that they can teach us ! Thus Professor Faraday says : " We are not permitted, as yet, to see the source of physical power." And Professor Owen : " Perhaps the best argument from reason for a future state and the continued existence of our thinking part, is afforded by the fact of our being able to conceive, and consequently yearning to possess, some higher knowledge. The ablest endeavors to penetrate to the beginning of things do but carry us, when most successful, a few steps nearer that beginning, and then leave us on the verge of a boundless ocean of unknown truth." And Sir J. Herschel : " How far we may ever be enabled to attain a knowledge of the ultimate and inward process of nature in the production of phenomena, we have no means of knowing." And a writer in this magazine has well put the case : " We talk proudly of man's dominion over nature, of scanning the heavens, of taming the lightning ; but we can see little beyond the shows of things. The shadow is there, but the substance eludes our grasp. Like the physiognomist, we may indeed decipher something of Nature from the aspect of her countenance, but

we cannot see the workings of her inmost heart."

They cannot speak otherwise, for their instructed sight has caught a glimpse in nature of a mightier presence than the uninitiated eye perceives. They have felt the awe which the consciousness of something above sense and above thought inspires, and their language takes from thence a tone of higher meaning.

But is it merely to an unfathomable mystery that we are led, when there dawns on us the conviction that there is a deeper existence in nature than that which we perceive :—a profound Unity unreach'd by that natural apprehension to which the varying forms are all ? Truly the problem appears dark enough ; we seem to peer into a gulf, black from mere fathomless vacuity. But it is not so. Gazing into nature beyond the region to which our sense can carry us, we do not gaze upon vacuity, but on an existence, real, however dimly illuminated. The mystery which science encounters, arises not from the cutting off of light, but from the pouring in of more ; from the looming into view of that which was unperceived before. May we not compare our experience in this respect with the effect produced by the dim light of the commencing dawn ? The darkness of the night derives a certain clearness from its own excess. Where everything is hidden, mystery is not. But as the gradual light comes feebly on, a feeling of vague mystery creeps over us ; indistinct outlines elude the baffled sight, and objects half perceived assuming distorted forms, fantastic visions strong upon the eye. Yet let the day advance, and the mystery its dawn created, its completeness soon dispels. May it not be thus with that unknown reality in nature which science bids us recognize ? Our advancing insight makes us conscious of a mystery at first, and even yet it is but struggling with the mists of night. But why should it not bear unlooked-for revelations in its train ?

For even now it tells us something and suggests much more. If " all things end in mystery," as we gladly own, the very darkness to the intellect, if it be not " from excess of light," yet may be fairly said to be made visible by light. And to other faculties of man, and nobler faculties, this dark-

ness is no darkness at all, but a bright gleam of encouragement and hope. Is not our manhood lowered when the necessities or luxuries of life absorb us wholly; when higher aims and other objects do not permeate and leaven even our enjoyment or pursuit of these? What feeling, therefore, but one of gladness should it call forth within us to be told that there is something more than gold in money, something more than food in bread, even though we know not what it is? "Every inquiry," says Sir John Herschel, "has a bearing on the progress of science, which teaches us that terms which we use in a narrow sphere of experience, as if we fully understood them, may, as our knowledge of nature increases, come to have superadded to them a new set of meanings and a wider range of interpretation." And has not every inquiry that brings forth such fruit a bearing on the advancement of our manhood too?

It were a pity, therefore, to avert our eyes from this revelation, dim though it be, which science makes to us of a deeper meaning in all the objects with which it deals. Even in the utterest obscurity to thought, it elevates and inspires the heart; and the resolute eye, patiently gazing, may even now discern some lineaments on which thought may fix. There are pictures, by great masters in their art, which, on the first view, present an almost shapeless mass of color in which no meaning can be found, but which reward the studious eye with rich shades and outlines full of meaning—if too deep to be distinctly uttered, capable of being felt the more.

For it is this recognition of a hidden essence in all things (appealing as it does to the highest portion of our nature, and giving the freest scope to the imagination) which surrounds science in our day, in spite of the stringent severity of its attitude towards facts, with an unquenchable halo of poetry. No justification of those poetic instincts which insist on finding a spiritual significance in all material things, could be more complete than that which is thus given by science. For be this "hidden essence" what it may, of this at least we may be sure, that it has a beauty and a worth which our perceptions do not exaggerate. It is something adapted to produce in us the impressions which nature produces, and to rouse in us the emotions which nature rouses. Granted

that in these mere forms, which we deal with in the shape of material things, no such adaptation can be recognized—that it is an utter mystery how vibrations of the air should convey to us the infinite meanings with which music is fraught, or how any of the things we see or touch should generate thought and emotion within us—yet the mystery clears off when we remember that it is not truly they, but some deep and unknown existence, of which, they are but appearances, which affects us so. Some deep and unknown existence, of which, with all the sanction of modern demonstration, we may affirm that there is that in it to which pleasure, pain, love, desire, and hatred are akin. Pursuing material laws, we do, as Sir J. Herschel says again, find that they "open out vista after vista, which seem to lead onward to the point where the material blends with and is lost in the spiritual and intellectual."

For it is to be observed that while on this point our positive knowledge is so limited, there is still much that we can affirm. We can correct some false ideas we are prone to entertain. Thus, whatever be that secret activity in nature of which all the "forces" are exhibitions to our sense, we know one thing respecting it; namely, that it is not *force*. Receiving so directly from our own action the impression of force, and seeing similar actions taking place on all hands around us, nothing could be more natural than that we should have supposed force to exist in nature. Yet when we test this idea, we find that it must rank with the child's notion of the world, which ascribes pleasure and pain to inanimate objects. Force is a sensation of our own; and is no more to be attributed to the objects in connection with which we feel it, than are the brightness of a color or the sweetness of a taste. "When we take upon ourselves to alter the arrangements of the universe, we feel *pressure*, *push*, or *pull*. Accordingly, we attribute to insentient matter our sensations, and we speak of an arch pressing upon its abutments, of particles of matter attracting and drawing one another, and so on. But if, instead of what we call pressure, it had been an arrangement of the creation that contact with external matter should produce a mental emotion of kindness, we should certainly have said that the particles of matter made love to each

other with an affection varying conversely as the square of the distance. What a moving story the problem of the three bodies would have been then!"

We may understand this the better if we reflect that the feeling from which we derive the idea of force, rests upon a consciousness of difficulty, of opposition, of imperfect ability. It arises from resisted effort. In fact, it is our own imperfection we ascribe to nature when we imagine that our feeling of force truly represents its working. In it there is neither exertion nor resistance; but a perfect Order. An Order, to explain which, if we look into ourselves at all, we must look deeper than to our sensuous experience. Nor do we look entirely in vain. There are other necessities we wot of than those of mechanical connection; another order than that of passive sequence. We cannot be rising too high in our thoughts when we bring the highest within us to interpret that which we perceive without; and recall (as we are justified in doing by all that sci-

ence teaches us) the long-banished powers of the heart and soul, to aid us in our thought of nature. Goethe says, in Dr. Whewell's translation:—

"All the forms resemble, yet none is the same as another;  
Thus the whole of the throng points at a deep-hidden law—  
Points at a sacred riddle. Oh, could I to thee,  
my beloved friend,  
Whisper the fortunate word by which the riddle  
is read!"

But here we do not feel ourselves compelled to end. Our thoughts pursue the path that has been opened to them; and it hardly seems extravagant to us (ascribing a strict truth and universal application to the words of another poet) to say of all our intercourse with Nature, in her loftiest and lowest forms alike:—

"A Spirit—  
The undulating woods, and silent well.  
And rippling rivulet, and evening gloom,  
When deepening the dark shades, for speech as-  
suming,  
Holds commune with us."

#### PRAYERS BY JEREMY TAYLOR.

##### *A Prayer for the Grace of Obedience, to be said by all Persons under Command.*

O ETERNAL God, great Ruler of men and angels, who hast constituted all things in a wonderful order, making all the creatures subject to man, and one man to another, and all to thee, the last link of this admirable chain being fastened to the foot of thy throne; teach me to obey all those whom thou hast set over me, reverencing their persons, submitting indifferently to all their lawful commands, cheerfully undergoing those burdens which the public wisdom and necessity shall impose upon me, at no hand murmuring against government, lest the spirit of pride and mutiny, of murmur and disorder, enter into me, and consign me to the portion of the disobedient and rebellious, of the despisers of dominion and revilers of dignity. Grant this, O holy God, for his sake, who, for his obedience to the Father, hath obtained the glorification of eternal ages, our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Amen.

##### *A Prayer to be said by Subjects when the Land is invaded and overrun by barbarous or wicked People, Enemies of the Religion or the Government.*

O ETERNAL God, thou alone rulest in the kingdoms of men; thou art the great God of battles and recompenses; and by thy glorious wisdom, by thy almighty power, and by thy secret providence, dost determine the events of war, and the issues of human counsels, and the returns of peace and victory: now, at last, be pleased to let the light of thy countenance, and the effects of a glorious mercy and a gracious pardon, return to this land. Thou seest how great evils we suffer under the power and tyranny of war, and although we submit to and adore thy justice in our sufferings, yet be pleased to pity our misery, to hear our complaints, and to provide us of remedy against our present calamities; let not the defenders of a righteous cause go away ashamed, nor our counsels be forever confounded, nor our parties defeated, nor religion suppressed, nor learning discouraged, and we be spoiled of all the exterior ornaments, instruments, and advantages of piety, which thou hast been pleased formerly to minister to our infirmities, for the interests of learning and religion. Amen.

From Temple Bar.

SHOT IN THE BACK.

To Mr. Godfrey, Rector of Harston, Devonshire.

WHEN you came to me yesterday, sir, to tell me that the doctor says I have got my route, you were sure that I had something on my mind, and urged me to confess to you what it was. I would not do so at the time, but have thought the matter over, as I promised, and have come to the conclusion that you are one of the right sort, without any nasal twang or humbug about you, and that you would not have said what you did out of curiosity, far less for the purpose of betraying a poor fellow, but because you know that I shall die easier if I make a clean breast of it. You need not have been so cautious about giving me your message, though. Every bullet has its billet; and a man does not lie down to sleep, sit down to eat, day after day, week after week, with death hurtling and whistling about him without a moment's pause, as I have done, without getting familiarized with it; besides, when I got my pension, I heard one surgeon say to the other, "He will not draw it long, poor fellow!" And, indeed, any one might guess that a bullet through the lungs would not improve the constitution. Still, I had sooner die in my bed than on the gallows; and so I have kept my secret to myself hitherto. However, as the end is so near, and since you, sir, urge it so much, I will trust to your honor not to mention a word of the matter until I am beyond the reach of human justice, and will write down an account of what I have done. I prefer this to telling it you, because, if you are to have any part of the story, I wish you to know the whole, else you would not be able to judge me fairly; and this murdering cough stops me if I try to talk for five minutes together.

Well, then, I have killed a man,—murdered him, I suppose you will say; and since you have sat and talked with me so often during the last year and a half that I have been in this pretty village, I begin to think that is the right name to give the business, though before that I always flattered myself that I was not without justification. But the story is the story of my life.

My real name I will not mention, as I have relations in a better class of life than myself, who would be ashamed of me; however, the

name of Thomas Brown, which I enlisted under twenty years ago, and have borne ever since, is not mine. My father was a Suffolk farmer, as his father and grandfather and great-grandfather had been before him for I don't know how long, generation after generation, renting the same acres, and living in the same old house, with its flat roof, walls a yard and a half thick, and moat surrounding it, and its little flower-garden. Branches of the family had at different times gone out into the world, some of whom rose high in the various professions,—Parliament, and so forth; but there was always one member a tenant of that same farm, till at last, as I said, it came to my father. He had two children,—myself, and my sister Annie, who was a year younger than I was; and as we lost our mother while very young, we were thrown on each other almost entirely for company; and I loved her more than brothers often do their sisters, I think, for I was so fond of her it seemed just like selfishness. You see, we were never separated. I have not got a single childish reminiscence unconnected with my sister. The bond between us got no weaker as we imperceptibly grew up, and we took—I to the farming, she to the dairy and general housekeeping. Of course, when I was about twenty, I had a sweetheart; but that made no difference, for Annie was fond of her too, and liked to hear me talk about her. She had no lover of her own; for though many young farmers in the neighborhood tried to make up to her, she did not think them good enough; and the only young fellow who seemed to hit her fancy was a Mr. Ashley, a friend of our landlord, who used to come down into those parts for the shooting. He was a boy of about fifteen when I first remember seeing him, and then he came to our house to lunch, and my father went with him over the farm to show him where the game lay. He returned every year after this, and always called on us when he shot over that part of the estate, and seemed very fond of chatting with Annie. I did not quite like it: he was so polite and attentive, and she seemed so taken with him; but I could not say anything, as he was quite respectful, and my father did not see any harm. And yet I began to hate the sight of the gentleman.

When I was twenty-two, my father died, and I took on the farm, Annie keeping house

for me till I should be married, which was not to be for a couple of years, my sweetheart being a good deal younger than I was, and her parents not wishing her to marry until I had proved that I could manage the farm. I was content to wait, with a sister I was so fond of to make a home for me; and after we had recovered from the shock of our father's death, all went on happily enough till the shooting season came round, and with it Mr. Ashley, who was now always beating over our farm, and whom I suspected of prowling about the house while I was away; for Annie became nervous and absent, and often had a forced manner about her when I came in of an evening. At the end of October, however, he left the country, and during the following winter I forgot all about him, and was happy. Ah! that was the last happy—I have had plenty of *merry* ones—the last *happy* Christmas I have ever spent.

One afternoon in the following May, I had started off on horseback for the town, intending to spend the evening with the family of the girl I was courting; but happening to meet a neighboring farmer, who wanted to see some very fine barley I had for seed, I rode back for a sample of it. The house was, as I said, an old-fashioned building, surrounded by a moat, and was situated at some little distance from the farmyard, from which it was hidden by a copse, so that my return to the stables was unnoticed. Being in a hurry, I did not call for any one to hold my horse, but dismounted, threw my reinson to a hook in the stable-wall, and walked up to the house. As I passed the bridge crossing the moat, I saw a woman's dress through the shrubbery of the little garden, and, looking after it, perceived that it was my sister, walking with a man. Thinking that perhaps some one had called whom I might wish to see, I struck into the same path, and soon came up with them. Annie's companion was sauntering along with his arm round her waist, his head bent over her, talking low; in another moment they stopped, and their lips met. At the sound of my footsteps they sprang asunder, and I was face to face with Mr. Ashley. He was rather disconcerted at first, but soon recovered himself, and said, "Ah! how are you? You did not expect to see me, eh? I am staying in this neighborhood, and thought I would just look you up. How are the young birds getting on?"

"Annie!" said I, "you had better go in;" and she went towards the house, her face hidden in her hands, taking no notice of Ashley, who called after her, "Don't go, Annie; what right has your brother over you? Do you know," he added to me, as she disappeared, "your manner is very offensive?"

"One word," I answered. "Are you here as my sister's accepted lover?"

"That is rather a delicate question;" and he shrugged his shoulders.

"Come, no evasion," said I. "Are you going to take my sister for your lawful wife?—yes, or no?"

He looked me full in the face, and burst into a sneering laugh, which made my temples throb again with passion, as he replied, "Well, upon my word; I have heard that you and your family thought no small beer of yourselves; but I did not think you would carry conceit so far as that, either!"

"Rascal!"

"Come, hands off!"—I had seized him by the collar. "It is a mere question of damages; how much?"

He did not complete the sentence; for, unable to contain myself any longer, I struck him with the hunting-whip I held in my hand, double-thonged. Do you think, sir, that a man in a very violent rage is possessed with a devil? I have often fancied that I was at that time; my eyes swam, my brain reeled, my right arm seemed somehow to swing independently of my will as I went on flogging him. He swore, threatened, entreated, grovelled before me,—oh, how delicious *that* was!—and still I lashed on, till his clothes were cut to ribbons. Once, in the strength of his pain, he tore himself from my grasp, and sprang at me; but I knocked him down with my fist, and he lay faint and motionless. Then a feeling of shame came over me at beating one who was helpless in my hands so mercilessly; and I threw cold water over his face, helped him to his dog-cart, which was waiting for him in a lane skirting the farm, and slunk home like a criminal. There was one comfort,—such a thrashing would probably keep the young puppy off for the future; but still, I need not have gone so far.

When I reached the house, I found Annie in hysterics—crying, very low. I did what I could to rouse her, and showed her that

Ashley was a rascal, whom she was not to think about any more ; but that only made her worse, so I left her alone, thinking she would come round in a day or two. But time passed, and her melancholy increased. It is a dreadful thing, sir, to see the face of one you love getting thin and pale and care-worn, and not to know what to do to help her ; for I could not understand it. That she should have taken a fancy to this fellow was perhaps natural, but that she should not have spirit enough to fight against a love which was an insult to her pride, was what I could not imagine.

I never guessed the truth till it was thrust upon me. You will understand what I mean when I say that, had I known it a couple of months earlier, I should not have horsewhipped Ashley,—I should have cut his throat.

I was nearly mad with shame and wounded pride. Stopping in the old farm was out of the question ; to meet any of those people over whom we had held ourselves so high, would have been insufferable torture. I never again communicated with one of them, except the girl I was engaged to, and I wrote her a farewell letter, lest the breaking-off of the match should come from her side, and not from mine. Perhaps I was hasty : perhaps she would have married me, in spite of all, and I have sacrificed my life to Pride. Well, if so, I am not the first who has done that, and shall not, I reckon, be the last.

I took my sister away to London, by night, and settling in a small lodging there, proceeded to dispose by agent of the remainder of my lease, together with the stock, etc., of the farm ; and this brought us enough to live on for the present. Though I did not desert my sister, I fear that my manner towards her was cold and harsh, especially when I was half drunk, which was often the case now ; for I found that spirits made me feel as if I did not care ; and on one occasion, when she lost her baby, I told her—God forgive me!—that it was a good job. She never forgave me for that, and one day she answered me back when I spoke crossly to her, and I saw that she had discovered and had recourse to my remedy for the blue-devils. After this, we had several quarrels, and—enough, enough—she grew weary and left me. Utterly unsettled and reckless, I too went to the bad, and when all my money

was drunk out, enlisted. Being a smart young fellow, and pretty well educated, I soon got made lance-corporal, corporal, lance-sergeant, sergeant ; for though I never lost the propensity for drink which I got while in London, I was not so infatuated as to be unable to restrain my appetite when it could not be indulged with safety. For the rest, a soldier's life suited me well enough, though it was not so stirring at that time as I should have liked ; still, there was a good deal of change of scene, moving about as we did from place to place, and country to country ; and as time went on I thought less of what had passed, until the year 18—, when we were ordered out to Canada, and my captain, who had been living beyond his means, exchanged into a regiment going to India.

We were on parade at Plymouth, and I had just finished calling over the names of my company, when my new captain came up, and I faced and saluted him. It was Ashley ! He turned deadly pale on recognizing me, and an expression of intense hate passed over his eyes and mouth ; but he soon recovered himself, and neither then, nor afterwards, with the exception of one occasion, did he ever utter a word of reference to the past.

But after a few weeks had passed, I saw that he was *spiting* me ; for though I had hitherto got on well enough under an officer who saw that I knew my duty, and did it well as a whole, still a man given to pleasure and jollity as I was could not avoid a few slips, and of these my new captain took advantage with devilish ingenuity ; so that I, who until now had borne as good a character as any non-commissioned officer in the regiment, was always in hot water, and began to be looked upon as a man who was going wrong. This was the more marked, because a sergeant in my company, named Smith, who had struck up a great friendship with me, who shared all my scrapes, and led me into the most serious of them, was a special favorite of Captain Ashley and never came in for a reprimand. It was safe to be a losing game for the inferior, this match between master and man ; but still it was upwards of a year before I made a fatal error.

It was one night in Halifax, when the weather was very cold, the fire bright, the

grog hot, good, and plenty of it, the company jolly, and no prospect of duty, that I forgot my usual caution, and got regularly drunk. The news was taken to my enemy, who did not let such an opportunity slip. On some pretext, he sent for me to the mess-room, where the colonel and all the officers were assembled after dinner; and the night-air made me so helpless, that I disgraced myself, got put under arrest, tried by court-martial, and reduced to the ranks. I was now delivered over, bound hand and foot, as it were, to my enemy; for Sergeant Smith, who had before appeared to be my friend, turned openly against me, and played into his officer's hands: and you may imagine what chance a private has with his sergeant and captain plotting his ruin. Why, if I had been white, they would have found some way of painting me black; but white was not my color, and it got less so than ever now that I grew reckless, and indulged myself in drink whenever I could get the opportunity, so that my name was perpetually in the defaulter's book; and when I was had up in the orderly-room before the colonel, the sergeant-major introduced me with, "Brown again, sir!" and the good old colonel used to shake his head and say, "Ah, drink, drink, that bane of the British soldier!" mistaking an effect for a cause. Not but what he was right enough in the main; English soldiers have perhaps a greater tendency to get drunk than any other class of men, except sailors, and this must be so as long as the natural reaction towards license from strict discipline is sharpened and directed by the craving in the stomach caused by insufficient food. If you were to go round a barrack-room at the dinner-hour, sir, you would see set out for each man a mess of weak broth, with a few potatoes, and a bit of sodden meat about the size of your thumb in it,—a better dinner than many a poor fellow who has been driven to enlist by want has been used to, it is true, but still not enough to silence a voice inside him which keeps calling out "Give, give;" for military exercises, taking place in the open air, and expressly calculated to bring all the muscles into healthy play, have a wonderful effect upon the appetite, I assure you. Suppose, sir, a party of gentlemen, dining together, were told, when they had done their soup and fish, that there was nothing else

coming, they would find an extra glass of sherry very comforting, and yet they have probably had a good meat lunch or breakfast, perhaps both. I say this, however, for others, not for myself, who took my dram for mental, not physical relief.

There was a man in our regiment named Harrison, a wild, devil-may-care sort of fellow, but shrewd and well educated, for he had been a medical student at one time; and as he and I were of a better class, and had more conversation than others, we were a good deal together. This man asked me to take a walk with him one afternoon, and when we were quite alone, turned round upon me, and said abruptly, "Brown, what have you done to Captain Ashley?"

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Well, you know that I acted as his servant last week, while Jones was in hospital. On Saturday afternoon, when the captain was out, I went up to his barrack-room to see if he wanted anything."

"While he was out?"

"Hum! I also thought I might see if there was a spare drop of anything to be got at easy, and while I was looking in the cupboard I heard footsteps outside the door, and had just time to slip into the bedroom, when Captain Ashley and Sergeant Smith entered, and began talking about you. I did not catch all that was said, but I heard the captain say this distinctly, 'Well, then, Smith, it is agreed; you shall have a hundred pounds down on the day Brown is seized up at the triangles.' And soon after they went away, without discovering me. Now, I ask, what have you done to him?"

"I had a quarrel with him, years ago, before I enlisted, and I gave him a thrashing," I replied.

"Whew! He has made up his mind to have his revenge, and he will, too, if you don't take care; what do you intend to do?"

"I don't know; take my chance, I suppose."

"Better take a trip to the States."

"I have thought of that, too, only I hate deserting my colors."

"Nonsense! I am going, and want a companion. Come with me."

We were quartered just then within a hundred miles of the boundary between Canada and the United States, and desertions were frequent, and generally success-

ful. The temptation was great, and I soon made up my mind. Directly we could raise the money, we bought second-hand laborers' clothes, which we hid in a wood lying outside the town ; and when all our preparations were complete, we set out one moonless night, scaled the barrack-wall, disinterred our disguises, buried our uniforms, and started for the land where we hoped to find freedom and fortune. We walked all that night, all the next day ; then, after a few hours' sleep, on again, meeting with no interruption till we were close upon safety, and then we were stopped. Whether it was bad luck, whether the many desertions which had taken place had caused excessive watchfulness, or whether in the perpetual close observance of all my movements by Captain Ashley's spies my intentions had been discovered, I know not ; but just as we came in sight of the haven of our hopes, a picket came down upon us. We fought all we could ; but in a minute poor Garrison had impaled himself on a bayonet, and I was overpowered and a prisoner. I was carried back to my regiment, and after a short time was once more tried by court-martial ; and now I thought seriously of laying before the court what had happened between Captain Ashley and myself, how that officer had hunted me down, and the conversation overheard by Garrison between him and Sergeant Smith ; but if I did that, my real name, my sister's shame, must all be made public, and I shrank from such an exposure. So I held my tongue, and was sentenced to be flogged. I hear that this punishment is falling by degrees into disuse, and that it must, after awhile, be abolished ; the sooner the better, for it is a mistake. The principal value of a soldier lies in his courage, and you cannot rule him by physical fear without damping that quality, which, on the contrary, is cultivated by acting on his natural desire to be thought well of by his companions. Living in fear of the lash would spoil any man's courage, if the effect were not counteracted by the greater fear of being thought a coward ; and if you could only establish in a regiment a feeling that insubordination or neglect of duty was as disgraceful as lack of coolness under fire, English soldiers would become as manageable in barracks as in the field. Indeed, many experienced officers uphold corporal punishment on the principle that it attaches

a stigma to the man who suffers it, and so to the offence which he has committed ; and there is something in this, only the evils of the practice are greater than the advantages. Certainly the shame is excessive, even for the man whose sensibilities have from childhood been blunted by the apathetic ignorance of the country, or degraded by the vice of the metropolis ; imagine what it was for me. But you cannot ; I could not myself ; for if I had had any idea beforehand of the unutterable shame I felt on being led out into that square of gazing fellow-creatures, —on having to strip myself,—on being tied up to the triangle,—I should have committed suicide. But the thought had come too late, and all I had to do was to strive with all my soul, with all my might, to let no cry or contortion increase the piquancy of my enemy's triumph. To this end, I set my teeth close, and tightened every nerve, as I heard the cat whistling through the air ; but it was all I could do to help screaming when it cut into the flesh. I had expected pain, but had not any idea there was an agony in the world like this. It was as if the devil had set his claw upon my back, and was tightening his grasp, until his scorching talons penetrated my very entrails. But I conquered,—not a cry escaped me ; and after the first three dozen my flesh became numb, and my task of endurance more possible.

But in that furnace of agony I moulded a purpose, the aim of my after-life ; and when at last I was cast off, I turned to where he stood, saluted him, and said, "Captain Ashley, thank you, sir !" and he turned as pale as a sheet.

About a week afterwards Captain Ashley visited the hospital where I lay, and as he passed my bed he stooped down, and said in a low tone, "Whipping for whipping, Private Brown."

"Yes, sir," I answered ; "it is your game this time. I wonder if I shall ever have another chance?" And those were the first words alluding to past events we had ever exchanged, the last we ever spoke to each other at all.

When I got well, and returned to my duty, my conduct was quite changed ; never was there such a wonderful instance of the effect of corporal punishment. I became a reformed man, winning golden opinions from my officers,—for I was removed to another

company ; sober, attentive, with a particular turn for musketry-practice, which caused me to become the best shot in the regiment.

I might often have killed him ; I might have sent my ramrod through him at a review, or even have stepped out of the ranks and bayoneted him on parade ; but then I should have been punished for the act, which would have given him the last blow, and made my revenge very imperfect : so, with the aid of temperance, I resisted a thousand temptations, and bided my time. It was long in coming, and I began to grow moody and uncompanionable, when an event occurred which acted on my spirits like rum.

The Russian war broke out !

For the next few months I led the life of a gambler watching the chances ; I feared lest my enemy should show the white feather, and leave the army, or get a staff-appointment, and quit the regiment. Then reports were rife that peace would be established without a battle being fought, or that the war would be settled by the navy. But all these fears were unfounded ; Captain Ashley remained within my reach, and we landed in the Crimea.

The morning of Alma broke, and now I had only one fear left : I dreaded lest a Russian bullet should rob me of my prey ; his death was nothing if he did not meet it at my hands. I have often thought since, that it was strange that I did not relent when I found myself fighting on the same side as himself against a common enemy ; strange that I, who had been piously brought up, felt no fear at meeting death face to face with my heart full of revenge : but so it was—the

courage with which he led on his company struck me with no admiration ; the probability of my being myself hit never occurred to me. Vengeance for my sister, vengeance for myself ; to that eager yearning the destinies of nations, the lives of thousands, the fate of my comrades, were but accessory and immaterial. I was glad when the shells, bursting over our regiment as it waded through the brook, threw it into confusion ; for confusion was what I wanted. I cheered for joy when the line, broken into a mob by grape, surged back from the Russian batteries ; for then I found my opportunity. Through all the fire, smoke, blood, and confusion, I had never lost sight of *him*, and I rejoiced to see that he was still uninjured, as I raised my musket, and carefully sighted him between the shoulders. I pressed the trigger : he threw up his arms, and fell on his face—dead.

I ought to have felt remorse when the deed was done, I suppose, but I did not. That day and afterwards I shot many an inoffensive Russian in the public quarrel, and one life seemed a small matter on my own private account. Even now that I wish to repent and forgive, I do not feel remorse. No one suspected me ; on the contrary, I gained great credit for my behavior that day, and at Inkermann, where I was wounded. The cloud of my life seemed to have passed away now that my enemy was dead, and I once more rose to be sergeant. When the war was over, we went to India, and there I got a ball through the lungs, was invalided, pensioned, and here I am, dying in my bed, not at the end of a rope.

*Through Life and for Life; a Story of Discipline.*  
By D. Richmond. Routledge and Co.

HOWEVER willing we may be to find sermons in stones and good in everything, we protest against being beguiled into the acceptance of a volume of tracts under the guise of an imaginative story. If it be really necessary to "tinge the vessel's brim with juices sweet," in order to deceive the rebellious palate of a sick and fretful child, it would still be as well to be certain that neither the medicine nor its mask was inappropriate to the disease. It is certainly a violent remedy for an ordinary degree of female vanity, combined with no extraordinary amount

of feminine duplicity, that the poor girl should be continually preached at, then lose her lover because she accompanied her godmother to a Volunteer ball, and finally burst a bloodvessel and die penitent—and all this because she once went to a review with a few rosebuds in her bonnet, though aware that her puritanical aunt had an unreasoning dislike to ornaments of any kind. Nor do we object to the physic alone—the "juices sweet" positively set one's teeth on edge. Let a sermon be a sermon, and a fiction a fiction, but a confused medley of things sacred and profane is unseemly and irreverent.—*Speculator.*

From The Cornhill Magazine.  
TO ESTHER.

THE first time that I ever knew you, was at Rome one winter's evening. I had walked through the silent streets—I see them now—dark with black shadows, lighted by the blazing stars overhead and by the lamps dimly flickering before the shrines at street corners. After crossing the Spanish-place I remember turning into a narrow alley and coming presently to a great black archway, which led to a glimmering court. A figure of the Virgin stood with outstretched arms above the door of your house, and the light burning at her feet dimly played upon the stone, worn and stained, of which the walls were built. Through the archway came a glimpse of the night sky above the court-yard, shining wonderfully with splendid stars; and I also caught the plashing sound of a fountain flowing in the darkness. I groped my way up the broad stone staircase, only lighted by the friendly star-shine, stumbling and knocking my shins against those ancient steps, up which two centuries of men and women had clambered; and at last, ringing at a curtained door, I found myself in a hall, and presently ushered through a dining-room, where the cloth was laid, and announced at the drawing-room door as Smith.

It was a long room with many windows, and cabinets and tables along the wall, with a tall carved mantel-piece, at which you were standing, and a Pompeian lamp burning on a table near you. Would you care to hear what manner of woman I saw; what impression I got from you as we met for the first time together? In after days, light, mood, circumstance, may modify this first image more or less, but the germ of life is in it—the identical presence—and I fancy it is rarely improved by keeping, by painting up, with love, or dislike, or long use, or weariness, as the case may be. Be this as it may, I think I knew you as well after the first five minutes' acquaintance as I do now. I saw an ugly woman, whose looks I liked somehow; thick brows, sallow face, a tall and straight-made figure, honest eyes that had no particular merit besides, dark hair, and a pleasant, cordial smile. And somehow, as I looked at you and heard you talk, I seemed to be aware of a frank spirit, uncertain, blind, wayward, tender, under this some-

what stern exterior; and so, I repeat, I liked you, and, making a bow, I said I was afraid I was before my time.

"I'm afraid it is my father who is after his," you said. "Mr. Halbert is coming, and he, too, is often late;" and so we went on talking for about ten minutes.

Yours is a kindly manner, a sad-toned voice; I know not if your life has been a happy one; you are well-disposed towards every soul you come across; you love to be loved, and try with a sweet artless art to win and charm over each man or woman that you meet. I saw that you liked me, that you felt at your ease with me, that you held me not quite your equal, and might perhaps laugh at, as well as with, me. But I did not care. My aim in life, Heaven knows, has not been to domineer, to lay down the law, and triumph over others, least of all over those I like.

The colonel arrived presently, with his white hair trimly brushed and his white neck-cloth neatly tied. He greeted me with great friendliness and cordiality. You have got his charm of manner; but with you, my dear, it is not manner only, for there is loyalty and heartiness shining in your face, and sincerity ringing in every tone of your voice. All this you must have inherited from your mother, if such things are an inheritance. As for the colonel, your father, if I mistake not, he is a little shrivelled-up old gentleman, with a machine inside to keep him going, and outside a well-cut coat and a well-bred air and knowledge of the world to get on through life with. Not a very large capital to go upon. However, this is not the way to speak to a young lady about her father; and besides it is you, and not he, in whom I take the interest which prompts these maudlin pages.

Mr. Halbert and little Latham, the artist, were the only other guests. You did not look round when Halbert was announced, but went on speaking to Latham, with a strange flush in your face; until Halbert had, with great *empresement*, made his way through the chairs and tables, and had greeted, rather than been greeted by, you, as I and Latham were.

So thinks I to myself, concerning certain vague notions I had already begun to entertain, I am rather late in the field, and the city is taken and has already hoisted the

conqueror's colors. Perhaps those red flags might have been mine had I come a little sooner; who knows? " *De tout laurier un poison est l'essence,*" says the Frenchman; and my brows may be as well unwreathed.

" I came up-stairs with the dinner," Mr. Halbert was saying. " It re-assured me as to my punctuality. I rather pique myself on my punctuality, colonel."

" And I'm afraid I have been accusing you of being always late," you said, as if it were a confession.

" Have you thought so, Miss Olliver? " cried Halbert.

" Dinner, sir," said Baker, opening the door.

All dinner-time Halbert, who has very high spirits, talked and laughed without ceasing. You, too, laughed, listened, looked very happy, and got up with a smile at last, leaving us to drink our wine. The colonel presently proposed cigars.

" In that case I shall go and talk to your daughter in the drawing-room," Halbert said. " I'm promised to Lady Parker's to-night; it would never do to go there smelling all over of smoke. I must be off in half an hour," he added, looking at his watch.

I, too, had been asked, and was rather surprised that he should be in such a desperate hurry to get there. Talking to Miss Olliver in the next room, I could very well understand; but leaving her to rush off to Lady Parker's immediately, did not accord with the little theories I had been laying down. Could I have been mistaken? In this case it seemed to me this would be the very woman to suit me—(you see I am speaking without any reserve, and simply describing the abrupt little events as they occurred)—and I thought, who knows that there may not be a chance for me yet? But, by the time my cigar had crumbled into smoke and ashes, it struck me that my little castle had also wreathed away and vanished. Going into the drawing-room, where the lamps were swinging in the dimness, and the night without streaming in through the uncurtained windows, we found you in your white dress, sitting alone at one of them. Mr. Halbert was gone, you said; he went out by the other door. And then you were silent again, staring out at the stars with dreamy eyes. The colonel rang for tea, and chirped away very pleasantly to Latham by the fire.

I looked at you now and then, and could not help surprising your thoughts somehow, and knowing that I had not been mistaken after all. There you sat, making simple schemes of future happiness; you could not, would not, look beyond the present. You were very calm, happy, full of peaceful reliance. Your world was alight with shining stars, great big shining meteors, all flaring up as they usually do before going out with a sputter at the end of the entertainment. People who are in love I have always found very much alike; and now, having settled that you belonged to that crack-brained community, it was not difficult to guess at what was going on in your mind.

I, too, as I have said, had been favored with a card for Lady Parker's rout; and as you were so absent and ill-inclined to talk, and the colonel was anxious to go off and play whist at his club, I thought I might as well follow in Halbert's traces, and gratify any little curiosity I might feel as to his behavior and way of going on in your absence. I found that Latham was also going to her ladyship's. As we went down-stairs together Latham said, " It was too bad of Halbert to break up the party and go off at that absurd hour. I didn't say I was going, because I thought his rudeness might strike them."

" But surely," said I, " Mr. Halbert seems at home there, and may come and go as he likes." Latham shrugged his shoulders. " I like the girl; I hope she is not taken in by him. He has been very thick all the winter in other quarters. Lady Parker's niece, Lady Fanny Fareham, was going to marry him, they said; but I know very little of him. He is much too great a swell to be on intimate terms with a disreputable little painter like myself. What a night it is!" As he spoke we came out into the street again, our shadows falling on the stones; the Virgin overhead still watching, the lamp burning faithfully, the solemn night waning on. Lady Parker had lodgings in the Corso. I felt almost ashamed of stepping from the great entertainment without into the close racketing little tea-party that was clattering on within. We came in, in the middle of a jangling tune, the company spinning round and round. Halbert, twirling like a Dervish, was almost the first person I saw; he was flushed, and looked exceedingly handsome, and his tall shoulders overtopped most of

the other heads. As I watched him I thought with great complacency that if any woman cared for me, it would not be for my looks. No! no! what are mere good looks compared to those mental qualities which, etc., etc. Presently, not feeling quite easy in my mind about these said mental qualities, I again observed that it was still better to be liked for one's self than for one's mental qualities; by which time I turned my attention once more to Mr. Halbert. The youth was devoting himself most assiduously to a very beautiful, oldish young lady, in a green gauzy dress; and I now, with a mixture of satisfaction and vexation, recognized the very same looks and tones which had misled me at dinner.

I left him still at it and walked home, wondering at the great law of natural equality which seems to level all mankind to one standard, notwithstanding all those artificial ones which we ourselves have raised. Here was a successful youth, with good looks and good wits and position and fortune; and here was I, certainly no wonder, insignificant and plain and poor, and of commonplace intelligence, and as well satisfied with my own possessions, such as they were, as he, Halbert, could be with the treasures a prodigal fortune had showered upon him. Here was I, judging him, and taking his measure as accurately as he could take mine, were it worth his while to do so. Here was I, walking home under the stars, while he was flirting and whispering with Lady Fanny, and both our nights sped on. Constellations sinking slowly, the day approaching through the awful realms of space, hours waning, life going by for us both alike: both of us men waiting together amidst these awful surroundings.

You and I met often after this first meeting—in churches where tapers were lighting and heavy censers swinging—on the Pincio, in the narrow, deep-colored streets: it was not always chance only which brought me so constantly into your presence. You yourself were the chance, at least, and I, the blind follower of fortune.

All round about Rome there are ancient gardens lying basking in the sun. Gardens and villas built long since by dead cardinals and popes; terraces, with glinting shadows, with honeysuckle clambering in desolate

luxuriance; roses flowering and fading and falling in showers on the pathways; and terraces and marble steps yellow with age. Lonely fountains splash in their basins, statues of fawns and slender nymphs stand out against the solemn horizon of blue hills and crimson-streaked sky; of cypress-trees and cedars, with the sunset showing through their stems. At home, I lead a very busy, anxious life: the beauty and peace of these Italian villas fill me with inexpressible satisfaction and gratitude towards those mouldering pontiffs, whose magnificent liberality has secured such placid resting-places for generations of weary men. Taking a long walk out of Rome one day, I came to the gates of one of these gardens. I remember seeing a carriage waiting in the shade of some cedar-trees; hard by, horses with drooping heads, and servants smoking as they waited. This was no uncommon sight; the English are forever on their rounds; but somehow, on this occasion, I thought I recognized one of the men, and instead of passing by, as had been my intention, I turned in at the half-opened gate, which the angels with the flaming swords had left unguarded and unlocked for once, and, after a few minutes' walk, I came upon the Eve I looked for.

You were sitting on some time-worn steps; you wore a green silk dress, and your brown hair, with the red tints in it, was all ablaze with the light. You looked very unhappy, I thought: got up with an effort, and smiled a pitiful smile.

"Are you come here for a little quiet?" I asked. "I am not going to disturb you."

"I came here for pleasure, not quiet," you said, "with papa and some friends. I was tired, so they walked on and left me."

"That is the way with one's friends," said I.

"Who are the culprits, Miss Olliver?"

"I am the only culprit," you said, grimly. "Lady Fanny and Mr. Halbert came with us to-day. Look, there they are at the end of that alley."

And as you spoke, you raised one hand and pointed, and I made up my mind. It was a very long alley. The figures in the distance were advancing very slowly. When they reach that little temple, thought I, I will tell her what I think.

This was by no means so sudden a determination as it may appear to you, reading

over these pages. It seems a singular reason to give; but I really think it was your hopeless fancy for that rosy youth which touched me and interested me so. I know I used to carry home sad words, spoken not to me, and glances that thrilled me with love, pity, and sympathy. What I said was, as you know, very simple and to the purpose. I knew quite well your fancy was elsewhere; mine was with you, perhaps as hopelessly placed. I didn't exactly see what good this confession was to do either of us, only, there I was, ready to spend my life at your service.

When I had spoken there was a silent moment, and then you glowed up—your eyes melted, your mouth quivered. "Oh, what can I say? Oh, I am so lonely. Oh, I have not one friend in the world; and now, suddenly, a helping hand is held out, and I can't—I can't push it away. Oh, don't despise. Oh, forgive me."

Despise! scorn! . . . Poor child! I only liked you the more for your plaintive appeal; though I wondered at it.

"Take your time," I said; "I can wait, and I shall not fly away. Call me when you want me; send me away when I weary you. Here is your father; shall I speak to him? But no. Remember there is no single link between us, except what you yourself hold in your own hands."

Here your father and Halbert and Lady Fanny came up. "Well, Esther, are you rested?" says the colonel cheerfully. "Why, how do you do (to me)? What have you been talking about so busily?"

You did not answer, but fixed your eyes on your father's face. I said something; I forgot what. Halbert, looking interested, turned from one to the other. Lady Fanny, who held a fragrant heap of roses, shook a few petals to the ground, where they lay glowing after we had all walked away.

If you remember, I did not go near you for a day or two after this. But I wrote you a letter, in which I repeated that you were entirely free to use me as you liked: marry me—make a friend of me—I was in your hands. One day, at last, I called; and I shall never forget the sweetness and friendly gratefulness with which you received me. A solitary man, dying of lonely thirst, you meet me with a cup of sparkling water: a weary watcher through the night—suddenly I see the dawn streaking the bright horizon.

Those were very pleasant times. I remember now, one afternoon in early spring, open windows, sounds coming in from the city, the drone of the *pifferari* buzzing drowsily in the sultry streets. You sat at your window in some light-colored dress, laughing now and then, and talking your tender little talk. The colonel, from behind *The Times*, joined in now and again: the pleasant half-hours slid by. We were still basking there, when Halbert was announced, and came in, looking very tall and handsome. The bagpipes droned on, the flies sailed in and out on the sunshine; you still sat tranquilly at the open casement; but somehow the golden atmosphere of the hour was gone. Your smiles were gone; your words were silenced; and that happy little hour was over forever.

When I got up to come away Halbert rose too: he came down-stairs with me, and suddenly, looking me full in the face, said, "When is it to be?"

"You know much more about it than I do," I answered.

"You don't mean to say that you are not very much smitten with Miss Esther?" said he.

"Certainly I am," said I; "I should be ready enough to marry her, if that is what you mean. I dare say I sha'n't get her. She is to me the most sympathetic woman I have ever known. You are too young, Mr. Halbert, to understand and feel her worth. Don't be offended," I added, seeing him flush up. "You young fellows can't be expected to see with the same eyes as we old ones. You will think as I do in another ten years."

"How do you mean?" he asked.

"Isn't it the way with all of us," said I; "we begin by liking universally; as we go on we pick and choose, and weary of things which had only the charm of novelty to recommend them; only as our life narrows we cling more and more to the good things which remain, and feel their value ten times more keenly? And surely, a sweet, honest-hearted young woman like Esther Oliver is a good thing."

"She is very nice," Halbert said. "She has such good manners. I have had more experience than you give me credit for, and I am very much of your way of thinking. They say that old courtly colonel is dread-

fully harsh to her—wants to marry her, and get her off his hands. I assure you you have a very good chance."

"I mistrust that old colonel," said I, dictatorially; "as I trust his daughter. Somewhat she and I chime in tune together;" and, as I spoke, I began to understand why you once said wofully, that you had not one friend in the world; and my thoughts wandered away to the garden where I had found you waiting on the steps of the terrace.

"What do you say to the 'Elisire d'Amore' Lady Fanny and I have been performing lately?" Halbert was saying meanwhile, very confidentially. "Sometimes I cannot help fancying that the colonel wants to take a part in the performance, and a cracked old tenor part, too. In that case I shall cry off, and give up my engagements." And then, nodding good-by, he left me.

I met him again in the Babuino a day or two after. He came straight up to me, saying, "Going to the Ollivers', eh? Will you take a message for me, and tell the colonel I mean to look in there this evening. That old fox the colonel—you have heard that he is actually going to marry Lady Fanny. She told me so herself, yesterday."

"I think her choice is a prudent one," I answered, somewhat surprised. "I suppose Colonel Olliver is three times as rich as yourself? You must expect a woman of thirty to be prudent. I am not fond of that virtue in very young people, but it is not unbecoming with years."

Halbert flushed up. "I suppose from that you mean she was very near marrying me. I'm not sorry she has taken up with the colonel after all. You see, my mother was always writing, and my sisters at home; and they used to tell me . . . and I myself thought she—, you know what I mean. But, of course, they have been re-assured on that point."

"Do you mean to say," I asked, in a great panic, "that you would marry any woman who happened to fall in love with you?"

"I don't know what I might have done a year ago," said he, laughing; "but just now, you see, I have had a warning, and besides it is my turn to make the advances."

I was immensely relieved at this, for I didn't know what I was not going to say.

Here, as we turned a street corner, we

came upon a black-robed monk, standing, veiled and motionless, with a skull in one bony hand. This cheerful object changed the current of our talk, and we parted presently at a fountain. Women with black twists of hair were standing round about, waiting in grand, careless attitudes, while the limpid water flowed.

When I reached your door, I found the carriage waiting, and you and your father under the archway. "Come with us," said he, and I gladly accepted. And so we drove out at one of the gates of the city, out into the Campagna, over which melting waves of color were rolling. Here and there we passed ancient ruins crumbling in the sun; the roadsides streamed with color and fragrance from violets and anemones and sweet-smelling flowers. After some time we came suddenly to some green hills, and leaving the carriage climbed up the sides. Then we found ourselves looking down into a green glowing valley, with an intense heaven above all melting into light. You, with a little transient gasp of happiness, fell down kneeling in the grass. I shall always see the picture I had before me then—the light figure against the bright green, the black hat, and long falling feather; the eager face looking out at the world. May it be forever green and pleasant to you as it was then, O eager face!

As we were parting in the twilight, I suddenly remembered to give Halbert's message. It did not greatly affect your father; but how was it? Was it because I knew you so well that I instinctively guessed you were moved by it? When I shook hands with you and said good-night, your hand trembled in mine.

"Won't you look in too?" said the colonel. But I shook my head. "Not to-night—no, thank you." And so we parted.

My lodgings were in the Gregoriana; the windows looked out over gardens and cupolas; from one of them I could see the Pincio. From that one, next morning, as I sat drinking my coffee, I suddenly saw you, walking slowly along by the parapet, with your dog running by your side. You went to one of those outlying terraces which flank the road, and leaning over the stone-work looked out at the great panorama lying at your feet:—Rome, with her purple mantle of mist, regally spreading, her towers, her domes, and great St. Peter's rising over the house-tops,

her se nobles stream how I reache standi An of my life o You toward my F by m certa flush dark radi me s ing you falte

" with out

Y "O am too me I d so ha "I on

P

g y c N o t d P v t

her seven hills changing and deepening with noblest color, her golden crown of sunlight streaming and melting with the mist. Somehow I, too, saw all this presently when I reached the place where you were still standing.

And now I have almost come to the end of my story, that is, of those few days of my life of which you, Esther, were the story. You stood there waiting, and I hastened towards you, and fate (I fancied you were my Fate) went on its course quite unmoved by my hopes or your fears. I thought that you looked almost handsome for once. You certainly seemed more happy. Your face flushed and faded, your eyes brightened and darkened. As you turned and saw me, a radiant quiver, a piteous smile came to greet me somewhat strangely. You seemed trying to speak, but the words died away on your lips—to keep silence, at least, but the faltering accents broke forth.

"What is it, my dear?" said I at last, with a queer sinking of the heart, and I held out my hand.

You caught it softly between both yours. "Oh!" you said, with sparkling eyes, "I am a mean, wretched girl—oh! don't think too ill of me. He, Mr. Halbert, came to see me last night, and—and, he says . . . Oh! I don't deserve it. Oh! forgive me, for I am so happy;" and you burst into tears. "You have been so good to me," you whispered on. "I hardly know how good. He says he only thought of me when you spoke of me

to him, when—when he saw you did not dislike me. I am behaving shamefully—yes, shamefully, but it is because I know you are too kind not to forgive—not to forgive. What can I do? You know how it has always been. You don't know what it would be to marry one person, caring for another. Ah! you don't know what it would be to have it otherwise than as it is" (this clasping your hands). "But you don't ask it. Ah! forgive me, and say you don't ask it." Then standing straight and looking down with a certain sweet dignity, you went on—"Heaven has sent me a great and unexpected happiness, but there is, indeed, a bitter, bitter cup to drink as well. Though I throw you over, though I behave so selfishly, don't think that I am utterly conscienceless, that I do not suffer a cruel pang indeed; when I think how you must look at me, when I remember what return I am making for all your forbearance and generosity. When I think of myself, I am ashamed and humiliated; when I think of him—" Here you suddenly broke off, and turned away your face.

Ah me! turned away your face forever from me. The morning mists faded away; the midday sun streamed over hills and towers and valley. The bell of the Trinita hard by began to toll.

I said, "Good-by, and Heaven keep you, my dear. I would not have had you do otherwise." And so I went back to my lodging.

---

*Pioneers; or, Biographical Sketches of Leaders in various Paths.* By the Rev. A. L. Simpson. T. Nelson and Sons.

So far as they go, these sketchy notices of great men may prove not unacceptable to youthful readers, though too brief and superficial to be of any use to others than beginners. Nor is the selection altogether judicious, but objections on that head are declared by the author to proceed from individual tastes and accidental courses of reading. To this self-complacent plea we demur, on the ground that a writer on such a subject is assumed to possess the widest possible knowledge of the pathfinders of mankind, and consequently in a position to single out the real pioneers in each department

of progress. However, we are willing to accept with a certain degree of graciousness Mr. Simpson's praiseworthy attempt to introduce to thoughtful students the names of some of the greatest benefactors of mankind. Under the head of maritime discovery we naturally meet with Columbus and Vasco de Gama. Gutenberg and Caxton very properly inaugurate the art of printing. Wycliffe, Savonarola, John of Wesel, and Martin Luther, appear as the forerunners of religious freedom. To Lord Bacon is ascribed the honor of exploding the pedantic philosophy of the Schools, and to Roger Bacon, Copernicus, and Galileo, that of commencing the scientific era, while Adam Smith and George Stephenson respectively introduce political economy and practical science.—*Spectator.*

## DULCE DOMUM !

The fine old fragment, still used as a college chant, with the touching refrain of "Dulce, dulce, domum," is attributed to a youth, who, on being separated from home, to which he was passionately attached, languished and died from the effects of the bereavement. The writer of the following lines has attempted a fuller interpretation of the spirit which pervades the old and almost forgotten lyric.

An ! racked pine, on the granite steep,  
Shadowy from each blowing wind,  
And dashed with dusk from yonder cloud  
With fires of fading sunset lined,  
Within my brain your image lies,  
Transformed; and looms upon mine eyes  
A castle black against the skies.  
Dulce, dulce domum.

Up many a terrace, gleaming white,  
With fronts that glitter to the north ;  
High over leagues of vexèd sea,  
And purple cliff and roaring forth,  
It sitteth, like a house of rest,  
One clot stain on the burning west ;  
Sun, moon, and mist its changing guest,  
Dulce, dulce domum.

Within the circling garden walls,  
The cedars brood above the flowers ;  
Across them shadows from the roofs  
Slide bluely in the lighted hours.  
I see my sister, cold and fair,  
Shake in the sun her flaxen hair :  
Would unto God that I were there.  
Dulce, dulce domum.

Night, east and west : I hear a step,  
Come, ghostlike, up the corridor ;  
I see the slender taper stream,  
Between the chinks, across the floor.  
O mother mine, why turn away ?  
Fool to sit dreaming in the d<sup>r</sup> !  
Great God, her hair was thin and gray !  
Dulce, dulce domum.

Where fliest thou, gaunt-plumed and swift,  
Strong eagle, skirring past the stars ?  
Rush on and tell them that my heart  
Is worn from beating at its bars.  
Rush past o'er wastes of land and foam,  
Thy fierce eyes cleave the dayless gloom,  
Tell them I'm sick to death for home.  
Dulce, dulce domum.

Ah, woe is me ! The thoughts that sit  
Beside me daily with the sun  
Take shape and hue, and crowd my brain,  
When wheels the bat in twilight dun.  
I climb the terrace, o'er me flows  
Their laughter, sucked through vine and rose ;  
Sudden, the terrace upward grows.  
Dulce, dulce domum.

And, beaten down from steep to steep,  
I see the dizzy walls leap higher ;  
The tender voices sink below

The first breath of an Easter choir.  
Quick, startled by the night-guard's tramp,  
Upwards I throw hands, clenched and damp :  
They strike the bracket of my lamp.

Dulce, dulce domum.

Fetch me a leaf of asphodel,  
I long to feel it in my palm :  
And, dying, tearful, hear without  
The mournful Babylonian psalm.  
While Israel, by the willows' drouse,  
Pined for her home, with ash-strewn brows,  
And I pine for my father's house.

Dulce, dulce domum.

—Once a Week. J. F. O'D.

## SATISFIED.

"I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with thy likeness."—*Psalm 17: 15.*

I SHALL be satisfied, O God !  
No more vain longings after this world's good,  
Which is not good when found,  
But e'en as apples from the Dead Sea land,  
Proving dull ashes in the grasper's hand.

I shall be satisfied : and love—  
That love which reigneth in the courts above—  
Shall hold my heart at rest ;—  
At rest, at peace, for aye, O God, with thee  
To spend the glad hours of eternity.

I shall be satisfied : no more  
O'er earth's fast fleeting joys to pour  
Wild, unavailing tears.  
From death's chill breath, from sorrow and de-  
cay,  
Holding my treasures there secure for aye.

I shall be satisfied, dear Lord :  
No more dark doubting of thy glorious word,  
No more vain searchings made  
For clearer light, by eyes too dim to see  
The radiance down-reaching unto us from thee.

I shall be satisfied, at last,  
The long, dark night of doubt and danger past,  
When on my waiting soul  
The light of heaven's eternal morn shall break,  
And I, dear Christ, in thy blest likeness wake !

*Genesee, Ill.*

M. B. S.

—*Independent.*